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THE ARYAN PATH

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Canst thou destroy divine Compassion? Compassion is no attribute. It is the Law of Laws—eternal Harmony, Alaya's Self; a shoreless universal essence, the light of everlasting right, and fitness of all things, the law of Love eternal. The more thou dost become at one with it, thy being melted in its Being, the more thy Soul unites with that which Is, the more thou wilt become Compassion Absolute. Such is the Arya Path, Path of the Buddhas of perfection.

—The Voice of the Silence

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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.

—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXIV JANUARY 1953 No. 1

"THUS HAVE I HEARD"—

It is not death, it is not life I welcome;
As the hireling his wage, so do I bide my time.
It is not death, it is not life I want;
Mindful and thoughtful do I bide my time.

Nagasena, answering a question of King Milinda, quotes the above as uttered by Sariputta, "the Commander of the faith." One's mind naturally runs to this verse on the occasion of the enshrining of the sacred relics of Sariputta and his co-disciple Moggallana. These relics have been biding their time to find their permanent home in the Motherland of the Master and His two great Bhikkhus. For a whole century the relics had been in London's Victoria and Albert Museum and now they are enshrined in the new Vihara on the top of Sanchi Hill.

Two events took place last month: the holding of the International Buddhist Conference and the ceremony of enshrining the sacred relics. Both at Sanchi. The first was presided over by Dr. Radhakrishnan, who spoke with his usual fervour on the significance of the message of the Buddha to India and the world. The enshrinement ceremony was made memorable by the earnest appeal of Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru not only to the vast concourse of over 50,000 people but also to the whole world. He called upon the world to adopt the principles of love, tolerance and compassion for the solution of individual and international problems. Not ammunition but the winning of human hearts brought real triumph and so he hoped that Burma and Ceylon would co-operate with India in spreading the teachings of the Enlightened One.

The Sanchi Vihara will draw the pious believer and the itinerant traveller and sustain the devotion of the one and awaken the curiosity and even the interest of the other. But that will not serve the purpose underlying the appeal of our far-seeing Prime Minister, the builder of

the Secular State on the foundation of Spirit and of the One World on that of Non-violence. To benefit the world, a better understanding of the Buddha's doctrines must be spread. To know them fully it is equally necessary to practise them in day-to-day living.

The import of the endeavours of Sariputta and Moggallana at living the life and of their active service of the faith needs to be understood. Who were they; how did they come to the Buddha; what did they attempt and accomplish? The Master recognized the worth of these disciples as they approached him for the first time. Seeing them coming, while still a long way off, he said:—

"There, O Bhikkhus, two companions arrive: Kolita (Moggallana) and Upatissa (Sariputta)—these will be a pair of pupils, a most distinguished auspicious pair."

The Master "made them ripe for supreme wisdom." But it was what they carried within themselves which enabled the Master to ripen them. Sariputta is reported to have said:—

As the gourd, clambering up with tendrils, grows
O'er the grass, or the thorn bush, or creeper wide-spread,
So the son of the Buddha on Arhatship bent,
Climbs up o'er ideas, to perfection and peace.

Earnest in effort the aspirant should be. He must learn the art of climbing up over ideas—not possessing them to be in turn possessed by them. To learn the ideas so as to use them. The priest as well as the politician is obsessed by his ideas; the real mystic and true statesman works through them, valuing each against the background of the archetypal Ideas.

There is another verse very useful to remember; the aspirant, the priest and the politician alike often succumb to the temptation against which it warns:—

As the anchor floats not, but sinks down beneath the waves
So be abased, not lifted up, by praise or gifts.

When the approbation of the world is strenuously sought, finding one's way by clear thinking to the heavenly heights of selfless Nirvana, to penetrate then with Its Light the murky atmosphere of this earth, becomes impossible.

And Sariputta has also held forth the ideal for living:—

The elephant distinguishes good food
From bad, he knows what gives him sustenance,
And even when asleep he guards his trunk—
So let each Buddha's son, earnest in zeal,
Never do violence to the Conqueror's word,
Nor injury to his self-possession, best of gifts.

SHRAVAKA

THE OASIS OF PEACE

[The beautiful allegory which we publish here is by **Mr. Mikhail Naimy** of Lebanon, the biographer of the mystic poet Kahlil Gibran, and himself a mystic. Mr. Naimy is the author, besides, of *The Book of Mirdad*, the "most unusual book" on which "Shravaka" based his opening contribution "Thus Have I Heard" in our September issue. He has also published *Memoirs of a Vagrant Soul* and other important works.—ED.]

Four knights from the four corners of the earth, riding four graceful steeds in magnificent trappings, met in the midst of a far-flung trackless desert. After exchanging greetings they dismounted to take a little rest and to rest their exhausted mounts. As is natural for strangers meeting so unexpectedly in such a place, the knights' first halting conversation turned on the whence and the whither of each, and on the purpose of his journey through that vast and parched desolation.

The knights were most astounded when it became apparent to them that their stories were practically identical: each had conquered that quarter of the globe from which he hailed. Having subdued the last of his enemies, and having become weary of fighting, his soul began to long for the blessing of Peace. Hard as he tried, he could not find in his vast domain the peace he craved with his whole soul. The failure to realize that desire cast a shadow of gloom over all his life; it turned his brilliant conquests into black defeat, poisoned his dreams, and made of his great kingdom a prison for his heart. No longer could he relish his food, or hunt a passing pleasure anywhere. At last he consulted the wisest man in his kingdom, and the wise man counselled him to seek the Oasis of Peace in such-and-such a desert; which Oasis, if he once enter and drink of the waters thereof, he would know Peace—perfect Peace—to the end of his days. That Oasis, however, was walled about with an exceeding strong wall in which there was but one small door, which door could not be opened except by those who had *conquered*.

For more than an hour the knights exchanged tales of battles and adventures, and wondered where the Oasis might be, and how far they might be from it. All four expressed their amazement at a certain phenomenon that had followed each of them from the moment they entered that awesome desert. As they marched, each seemed to feel himself followed at a distance by his own armies and the armies he had conquered, which armies were locked in a bitter fight of life and death. The shadows of those armies could be clearly seen during the day; but their voices and the din of battle could not be heard except at night.

One of the knights, endowed evidently with a livelier imagination

than the other three, ventured the opinion that what they saw and heard was nothing but a mirage; that the ear had its mirages as had the eye. This explanation seemed quite plausible to his companions, and they readily concurred in it.

As the four were about to resume their interrupted march, there loomed in the distance the figure of a man with a staff in hand, walking towards them in broad, measured steps. The man sang as he walked, and was dressed in a flowing black robe of goat's hair, his feet strapped in wooden sandals. When a few paces from them he saluted them saying: "Peace be with you."

The salutation seemed to displease the imaginative knight who had explained the eye and ear mirage to his companions, and he said gruffly to the stranger:

"How can you salute us with peace? Have you perchance been to the Oasis of Peace?"

"I have not," replied the man simply and light-heartedly. "But I am on the way."

"Then let your peace return to you unheeded. For how can any one give peace with his tongue when his heart is devoid of peace?"

The stranger took the knight's rebuke with a smile, and said:

"You are right, brother. Peace belongs to the men of Peace. It is a language which peaceful hearts alone can understand."

The knight was infuriated when the stranger addressed him as "brother," and giving vent to his fury, he shouted at the man.

"How dare you call me 'brother' when you are but a tramp, and I, the lord of one quarter of the earth? Behold! We four have conquered the whole earth. What have you conquered to make you even dream of entering the Oasis of Peace? Do you not know that none but those who have conquered may enter it?"

"Aye, that is not unknown to me," said the man nonchalantly. "And it is because I know it that I am on my way to the Oasis. For I have conquered all my enemies, yet have I killed or harmed not a single man."

"Who might be the enemies you have conquered when we, the lords of the earth, have never heard of you, nor have we encountered you and your armies in any of the battles we have fought? Are you, perchance, not of this earth?"

"I am of this earth as much as you are, and I own of it much more than the four of you combined; but what I own is different from what you own. As to the enemies I have conquered, you shall know their might at the entrance of the Oasis. Let us be hence if you would reach your goal before sundown."

"Stranger than your looks is your speech, indeed. Do you know the way to the Oasis?"

"I do. Follow me."

The knights remounted their horses and rode behind the stranger, wondering in their hearts as to whether to take him seriously or otherwise. The shadows of armies

locked in a deadly struggle, of which they spoke a while ago, followed them at a distance, marching as they marched, halting when they halted, and trotting as they trotted.

After a wearying march of several hours, with the blazing sun beating mercilessly upon them, the small company came in sight of a luxuriant Oasis. Its tall and stately trees wafted to a distance the cool and aromatic breath of healthy verdure. Birds flitted and warbled among the trembling branches. In the midst of that sandy desolation it appeared as a huge emerald set in an immense disc of gold. Approaching closer, the travellers found themselves face to face with a thick and high wall, built of human skulls, in and out of whose eye-sockets snakes, scorpions and worms of all sizes, shapes and colours crawled and squirmed without an end, biting and mauling one another and hissing hideously. The sight was sufficiently ghastly to send the creeps up any one's spine.

Looking at that wall, the four intrepid conquerors of the earth turned extremely pale; their hearts contracted, and their tongues were tied. What added to their fright was the fact that the fighting armies which had marched in their wake all along the road, and which they had believed to be a mere mirage or hallucination, became now very real flesh and blood. They were their own armies and those of their enemies engaged in a deadly combat, and spread fan-like all about the Oasis.

Appalled by the scene in front of them and all about them, the knights exchanged stupefied glances as if to say: "Is this the Oasis of Peace? Or is it Gehenna?" They were confounded beyond measure when they bethought themselves of their strange companion and guide to the Oasis and found him sitting comfortably on the ground with no trace on his face of any fear or bewilderment whatsoever. On the contrary, his face radiated peace and joy, as of one who was viewing some charming vista and listening to celestial symphonies. They approached him shyly and begged him to assure them that the Oasis before them was no other than the Oasis of Peace, and to point out to them the door thereinto. The man did not move an eyelash or a lip, but simply motioned to the knights to ride thrice around the wall; and they did.

When they came back to their starting point, the four kings of the globe found the stranger standing in front of a small, low door which they had not espied before. Above the door they saw a great sign, written in large, luminous letters, and reading as follows:—

THIS IS THE OASIS OF PEACE. NONE MAY ENTER IT SAVE CONQUERORS.

The sign seemed to restore to the frightened knights their courage and their confidence. As soon as they read it one of them walked firmly and slowly to the small door and pushed it with his forefinger. The door did not open. He pushed it with his fist, and again it did not

open. He kicked it with his boot, but to no avail. Enraged by his repeated failures, he threw the weight of his whole body against the door; but the door remained firm and never let out even a faint squeak.

Then the second knight took a turn; then the third and the fourth. Finally all the four combined their might and weight against that tiny door, but it moved not even the breadth of a hair; the stranger all the while looking on and keeping his peace. Their patience and their resources exhausted, the four knights took counsel together as to the best means out of the ugly dilemma. The happy thought flashed through the mind of one that the inscription above the door could have meant none other than him who has conquered the whole earth, not only a quarter thereof. The only solution, therefore, would be for the four of them to match their strength and prowess, perchance the strongest would open the door and keep it open for the other three. The solution was readily accepted by all.

For a long time did the four horsemen charge and countercharge until three of them fell to the ground. The fourth who remained in the saddle sighed a great sigh of relief and boastfully announced: "I am the lord of the earth!" Dismounting, he walked arrogantly towards the door, pushed it with his spear, kicked it, now with one foot, now with the other; but the door remained as firm as a mountain. In utter despondency and disgust he looked to the fifth pilgrim and said somewhat contemptuously:

"Ho, tramp! Perhaps you know the secret of this door. Will you not open it for me?"

"I do," replied the "tramp" with confidence, taking no offence at the knight's derisive manner. With firm, unhurried steps he walked to the door, and no sooner did he touch it gently with his hand than it was flung wide open, revealing behind it a marvellous garden such as may be seen in dreams, and that very rarely. It was a veritable paradise. Immediately after the man was inside, the door swung shut behind him, leaving the "lord of the earth" outside, and in great perplexity. Broken-hearted and defeated, he shouted at the man inside:

"In the name of God, queer fellow, explain this mystery to me: Does not the sign above the door say that none may enter it save conquerors?"

"So it says," intoned the stranger from within.

"How come, then, that I, the lord of the whole earth, am denied admittance, while you, a miserable vagabond, are admitted so readily and with such surpassing ease?"

"Simply because I have conquered, and you have not," came the stranger's soft and confident reply.

"But whom have you conquered, idiot? I have never seen your wretched face in any of my battles."

"I have conquered myself."

"What a glorious conquest! A

rat conquering a rat! You make me laugh."

"Laugh, mighty King. Hyenas thrive on corpses and always laugh. But they know not Peace."

"Is not Peace the prize of victory?"

"Of victory over self. To vanquish others by the force of arms is to raise from the victor's lusts and arrogance, and from the skulls, the pains, the humiliations, the distress and the malice of the vanquished, an insurmountable barrier to Peace both for the victor and the vanquished. To vanquish others is to live in perpetual fear of vengeance, which fear is the deadliest enemy of Peace. Whereas to vanquish one's own animal passions with no other weapons than those of Love, Charity and Holy Understanding of one's unbroken unity with all creation is to live at peace with oneself, and with all the things and creatures in the earth below and in the heavens above. It is for such conquerors only that this Oasis is set in the midst of such a boundless, trackless desert."

"Never shall I accept your childish prattle, nor shall I ever surrender my kingdom until I surrender my life."

"And never shall you know Peace, O deluded King, though you rule the four quarters of the earth!"

MIKHAIL NAIMY

POEMS FROM A SEASHORE

[Translated by W. PACHOW and LILA RAY from the original Chinese of DR. TAN YUN-SHAN.—ED.]

1

Stars are shining
Lamps are alight near-by.
Both are bright
Though lamps are low
And stars are high.

2

Pale beside the Moon
Is the lighthouse beacon
Yet it guides
The ways of men.

3

The world of light
Has many divisions.
The world of night
Is solidly one.

4

O Darkness, when you come
People grow quiet.
Let others decry you,
I shall sing your praises.

5

Pluck not the flowering branch
And hanker after the fruit.

6

When the Moon appears on high
Insects hymn below.

7

The sea is before me
When my eyes are open.
The sea is within me
When my eyes are closed.

WAR AND PEACE

[There is much to be said for this plea of **Mr. R. M. Fox,** the well-known Irish author, for basing the Peace effort on the futility of war rather than on further dwelling on war's horrors. Overdoing the latter may well result in blunting moral sensibility in a subconscious defence reaction similar to that which mercifully benumbs in time a bodily sense organ subjected to too prolonged assault by an odour or a din. Moreover, there is that in man's make-up to which the call to come and suffer makes its own appeal. As Galsworthy once put it: "We crave our turbulent fate." Fruitless effort, however, appeals to none. Bring home to all the impotence of war and its high price, not only in suffering but also in a host of things men want and need, and reason may give the irresistible impetus towards Peace which emotional appeals have so far failed to afford.—ED.]

When the atom bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, optimists assured us that war itself would be a casualty of those operations. Sensitive observers noted the emotional recoil of humanity. People, they said, were too intelligent to allow civilized life to be blotted out by methods which turned whole countries into belligerent areas and automatically ruled out the possibility of any non-combatants. In the front lines of any world hostilities now, are the women and children, the old, the weak and the sick. The safest place, in these circumstances, is in the armed forces, for these are well equipped and trained for defence or attack.

One might reasonably suppose that all the civilians—on every side—would band themselves together to prevent wholesale massacre. Yet it is true, I think, that among the European populations still living in battered and patched cities there is surprisingly little articulate mass resistance to war. At no time during the present century has the voice of the international anti-militarist movement been so weak. Why is this? Why should not the people bestir themselves to assert the value of peace as actively as the generals and the politicians pursue their preparations for war?

Much of the ineffectiveness of the anti-war movement can be traced back to the emphasis on the horror—rather than the futility—of war. In the intervals between the wars, soldiers and war correspondents have done their best to bring home to us the agony of war. But the psychological effect of this "horror" propaganda is simply to rally most of the people behind the bellicose elements on the assumption (quite a false one) that by so doing they are protecting themselves and their country from all these horrors.

Reginald Thompson in his *Cry Korea* gives a typical example of the kind of "reportage" which sensitive

journalists feel impelled to write when they see how war has blasted whole populations. He tells how civilians suffer, how he saw the corpse of a young peasant woman, who had been working in the fields, lying in a ditch while two panic-stricken children clambered over her dead body. He speaks of

> the blackened ruins and rubble of tens of thousands of homes, the piles of ash smouldering on the hard-baked earth, the corpses rotting in the sodden ditches, strewn over the land like offal rotting in the ruins of dead towns. Death rains out of the skies—indiscriminate death.

This is honest writing which does not romanticize war. Here is the horrific detail. But what exactly do such accounts tell us about modern warfare that we did not already know, unless we are unable to grasp plain facts? Every day we can read of napalm bombs, of flaming petrol jelly poured in streams from the skies. The militarists are proud of their gruesome achievements. The strength of these massed armaments, which the world is straining all its resources to produce, is obviously deadly in action. I am surprised that any of the civilians caught between battle lines or in the path of an offensive are left alive. Do we really have to wait for eye-witnesses to assure us that when these terrible weapons are brought into action, death, destruction and agony on a large scale inevitably result?

The gory details confirm our expectations. Such mighty death-dealing powers in the hands of people trained to kill, who regard any humane sentiment as a sign of military weakness, could hardly have any other consequence. I am a little tired of the war correspondent and the soldier dashing from the battle-field—which today is a whole country-side of villages and towns—to break the news that the military machine in action deals out wholesale death and destruction. If there is a single person left alive now who does not realize the awfulness of war it would seem necessary that someone should split his thick skull with a pick-axe and whisper to him before he dies, "Now, do you understand?"

"Patriotism," said the heroic Nurse Cavell, "is not enough." And it is not enough to deal in horrors. Even before 1914 we had many writers who specialized in demonstrating the horror of war. The most harrowing book I have read on the subject is Andreieff's *The Red Laugh* treating of the piteous Napoleonic retreat from Moscow. Here is the story of an abandoned army in rags, without food or medical supplies, harassed unceasingly night and day by wild Cossack bands riding through blinding snow-storms, cutting off weary and helpless stragglers. Wounded men were left to freeze; hundreds went mad. This was a wailing army of ghosts. The title of the book is taken from an incident described. A soldier was talking and laughing when suddenly

a cannon-ball took off his head and the blood, gushing up, formed a ghastly red laugh. One of the survivors, a madman with trembling fingers, sits scrawling unintelligibly in the belief that he is writing a history of the campaign.

Since that time readers have been able to take their pick of war horrors. We may read about war either in the factual accounts of war correspondents, in the usually disappointing memoirs of generals whose swords are mightier than their pens or in some great classic such as Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. But, whatever we choose to read, it is certain that the horrors of war have been fully documented and understood for many years. It is now clear that the purpose of war is to kill or to maim as many enemy soldiers and civilians as possible. Now that millions of pounds are being spent to utilize scientific knowledge and research to this end, war must be more horrifying than ever.

Possibly the only people who can still see war in a rosy light are the generals, the statesmen and the financiers, for to them war opens up an exciting prospect of manipulating humanity on a world scale, a kind of human chess problem which they find absorbing. And to have such power in their hands must be flattering to their sense of importance. They can easily persuade themselves that they are "saving civilization" by destroying everything that mankind has built up through generations of effort. And if they do see the grim tragedy of war they merely incorporate such knowledge into their recruiting speeches and emotional appeals. The more agonizing the prospect of war appears, the more people they can frighten into accepting their protection and war schemes.

A purely emotional recoil against the horrors of war can never be an effective deterrent. Thought as well as emotion is necessary to build up a movement that will hold firm against the threat of war. One of the deepest thinkers on this subject was the American, Thorstein Veblen, who in his *Nature of Peace* wrote a comprehensive survey. He set out to show the gradual emergence of a point of view in the world representing the interest of the "common man," the ordinary man who is not so much interested in questions of national prestige or domination as in the need of himself and his fellows to achieve a measure of social security and happiness. War constitutes the greatest threat to this human advance. In the first radiant flush of enthusiasm for peace and democracy after the recent war, there was talk of this being the "Century of the Common Man." Along with this Veblenesque phraseology went the idea of one harmonious world. But soon we were reading of the "American Century" and a world split into two hostile camps. The Veblen idea is that people everywhere must make a stand against national ambitions and rivalries in the interest of social progress.

Veblen's *Nature of Peace* is written objectively but it urges that the militarist is, in the long run, bound to lose his hold because his way of thought no longer expresses the current needs of mankind. All the armies have, in fact, become an obstructive force. In peacetime they cost too much. In wartime they are so destructive that the world cannot afford to make good the damage they do. Militarism is an atavistic throw-back to the time when men had not yet emerged into civilization.

Modern arts and crafts, literature and philosophy are all out of harmony with the kind of world the militarist envisages. He wants to smash things up, not to create them. Because of this, the military conquerors are notoriously hostile to thought and to books. When they do not burn the books—as Hitler did—they endeavour to force the writers, the thinkers and the artists along a path of bleak uniformity. It is not only the young men who are dressed in uniforms and made to bend their arms, legs and heads in the same way. Thought is conscripted too. But by its very nature the free spirit of man cannot be contained or constricted. This is the Achilles' heel of militarism.

It is not by intoning the slogan "War is Bloodier than Peace" that people will be induced to forsake the militarists. The real indictment of war is that its bloodiness serves no rational end. "But what is your alternative to war?" the militarist wants to know. The only alternative to War is Peace, just as the alternative to disease is health. "Is this practical?" ask those statesmen who are proceeding with their plans for atomic annihilation which they dare not carry out.

It is quite practical. Immediately after the war Germany was being demilitarized very rapidly, so rapidly, indeed that when the Allies wanted to remilitarize the Germans, they met with widespread opposition from the German people. If the world was demilitarized in the same way as the Allies began to demilitarize Germany, enthusiasm for peace would soon be generated.

A demilitarized world would have millions to spend on social progress and the nightmare of war would be banished. People would welcome the change. It is rational to prefer better houses, more food, more leisure and a higher standard of life to more atom bombs.

To implement this policy on a world scale we need to get back to the concept of "One World"—a world we must share and may enjoy. Nobody with a knowledge of world forces believes that America is going to dominate Russia or that Russia will dominate America, though the world may be laid waste by the warriors before this simple truth is accepted. In Europe the desire for peace is universal. It could not be otherwise when the scars of war are not yet healed. With all this peace feeling in the world, India may yet give a powerful lead to a real Peace

International in which Europe, Asia and America could join.

Neither war nor the preparations for war serve any social purpose. War is an atrocity in itself. Gradually people everywhere are coming to see the foolishness of using up most of the national substance in each country on war preparations and living poorly with the idea that, some day, a great and costly campaign of total annihilation may be launched. And, as the real conflicts and conquests are always in the mind, a movement to dethrone militarism is on the way. That movement may be helped by a realization of war horrors but it will gain more strength from the knowledge that the growing powers of destruction make war more futile than ever.

R. M. Fox

MAKE PEOPLE WORLD-CONSCIOUS

Dr. Jaime Torres Bodet, the Director-General of Unesco, paid a visit to the Netherlands this summer, primarily to open a Seminar, which was to study the possibilities of education making children and young people world-conscious and capable of becoming world citizens. Another point emphasized in connection with this international gathering was the opportunity thereby offered for better mutual understanding between people of vastly varying habits and outlook. Educationists from 35 countries were assembled there. Dr. Torres Bodet, summarizing the history, methods and achievements of Unesco plans at a press conference called by the Netherlands Unesco Centre, set an almost bewildering mass of information before his audience—an avalanche of facts and figures regarding this almost *all*-embracing undertaking. The flood of information might have been overpowering but for the recurrence in the lecture of the healing words "modest" and "patient." With these the speaker would come to rest for a moment—like a powerful bird winging its way over sea and land and returning now and then to its nest, the root-base of its energies.

A valuable point was brought out by Dr. Idanburg, President of the Managing Committee of the Netherlands Centre, who called attention to the change of outlook which contact with Unesco often brings about in the individual, making work for international understanding, and therefore for peace, no longer seem an "also ran" in life's race but gradually outstrip in importance production, economics, and even defence. Many of those concerned with this and kindred movements felt encouraged by the interest evinced by Queen Juliana, who received a group of delegates from the Seminar and questioned them particularly as to the possibilities of interesting parents in this effort. Since the above was prepared has come the news of the resignation of Dr. Bodet as Director-General. We salute him for his excellent work.

SOME HISTORICAL REFERENCES TO INDIAN EMBROIDERIES

1292-1774 A.D.

[An Assistant in the Library at India House, London, before she came to India in 1944 on hospital welfare work, **Miss E. Pauline Quigly** has been interested in delving into the early records of travellers to India from Europe. She contributed to our December 1951 issue a study of " The Preservation of Animal Life in India " and gives in this article the fruit of her researches in early travellers' observations on Indian embroideries. It is a subject on which she is especially qualified to write, being a diploma member of the Embroiderers' Guild and a contributor to its journal. The author and we acknowledge with thanks the permission of the publishers for the extracts quoted from their books in this article.—ED.]

Modern travellers visiting India[1] have often wondered at the aptitude with which the local *darzi* is able to produce skilfully and quickly garments of all styles, from the simplest dress to the intricacies of a costume. Some authorities on Indian customs have maintained that skill with the needle is a modern development in India and that the early Hindus, owing to the fact that their garments were chiefly draped textiles, had no knowledge of sewing. This assumption is, however, false ; not only have needles been discovered in excavations at Mohenjo-Daro, but what must be the earliest reference to needles occurs in the *Satapatha Brahmana*: " With never-breaking needle may she sew her work ! "

It is possible that the Venetian traveller, Marco Polo, was one of the originators of this false impression amongst Europeans that Hindus did not sew, because, in the year 1292, in describing the inhabitants of the Coromandel Coast, he says :—

> You must know that in all this Province there is never a Tailor to cut a coat or stitch it, seeing that everybody goes naked ! For decency only do they wear a scrap of cloth ; and so it is with men and women, rich and poor.[2]

Travelling on to Gujerat, however, Marco Polo speaks with wonder of the intricacies of embroidery on leather :—

> Gozurat is a great kingdom. The people are Idolaters and have a peculiar language.... They dress in this country great numbers of skins of various kinds, goat-skins, buffalo and wild ox-skins. They also work here beautiful mats in red and blue leather, exquisite-

[1] Embroidery is classified as a " useful and applied art, " therefore, as art recognizes no boundaries, the name " India " has been used throughout the article to include both India and Pakistan.

[2] *The Book of Ser Marco Polo.* Translated by COL. SIR HENRY YULE. (John Murray, London. 1903)

ly inlaid with figures of birds and beasts, and skilfully embroidered with gold and silver wire. These are marvellously beautiful things; they are used by the Saracens to sleep upon, and capital they are for that purpose. They also work cushions embroidered with gold, so fine that they are worth six marks of silver apiece whilst some of those sleeping mats are worth ten marks.[3]

As was customary with Europeans of that age, the Hindus were known as "Idolaters" and the Muslims either as Saracens or Moors, the latter being the Islamic races most familiar to European Christians.

To the Kingdom of Cambay, as a Portuguese Government official, in the year 1500, went Duarte Barbosa, "a gentleman of the right noble city of Lisbon." Barbosa, like Marco Polo, was charmed with the embroidered leather-work, saying :—

The Moors of the Kingdom of Cambaya wear boots up to the knee of very thick cordovan leather, worked in very dainty devices within and without the tip of the shoe.[4]

And of the town of Patenexy, said by some historians to refer to a town in the Somnath-Verawal District, he says :—

There is a large town which they call Patenexy with a good harbour, rich and with much trade. Here there is much coloured silk cloth, richly embroidered, which is worn throughout India, Malaca and Bengala, also abundance of cotton cloth.[5]

At a later date, Barbosa writes of the inhabitants of "the great City of Bisnagua" (Vijayanagara) :—

...The women wear white garments of very thin cotton or silk of bright colours, five yards long: one part of which is girt round them below. They wear leather shoes well embroidered in silk; their heads are uncovered, and in their hair they put scented flowers.[6]

Also, he says :—

The King of Calicut in the Land of Malabar when he goes forth to amuse himself or perform his orisons before some idol is preceded by four pages with four parasols on their staves, that is to say, two of very fine white cloth, and two of worked and embroidered silk. Near him they carry an umbrella on a high support which keeps off the sun.[7]

John van Linschoten spent several years on the western coast of India and in 1583 he writes of the Portuguese Province of Goa :—

There are some Portingales who are married who get their livings by their slaves, both men and women. The women slaves make all sorts of confectures and conserves of Indian fruits and much fine needle-work, both cut and wrought works, and then their masters send the fairest of them well dressed up with their wares about the streets to sell the same, that by the beauty and neatness of the said women, men

[3] *Ibid.*

[4] *The Book of Duarte Barbosa.* Edited by MANSEL LONGWORTH DAMES. (The Hakluyt Society, London. 1918)

[5] *Ibid.*

[6] *Ibid.*

[7] *Ibid.*

might buy, which happeneth more for the affection they might have to the slaves, rather than for any desire for the conserves or needle-works.[8]

Van Linschoten also comments on the embroideries of Cambay : –

They make also faire coverlets, which they call Gudri, or quilts, which are very fair and pleasant to the eye, stitched with silke; and also of cotton of all colours and stitchings, they make canopys of divers sorts and colours.[9]

John van Linschoten makes this interesting comment on the embroideries of Chittagong in East Bengal :—

They have linen excellently wrought of a herb, which they spin like yarn : it is yellowish and is called the herb of Bengal, wherewith they do most cunningly stitch their coverlets, pillows, canopies, carpets and mantles, therein to christen their children, and make them with flowers and branches and personages, that is wonderful to see, and so finely done with cunning workmanship, that it cannot be mended throughout Europe.[10]

Experts have been unable to determine for certain the derivation of "the herb of Bengal"; it is thought by some to refer to the indigenous yellow silk produced by the wild silkworms, known as *tassar* (tussore) silk. This silk is golden or straw-colour and is assumed to be the Assam silk, which appears in the 17th-century records of the East India Company as a textile called "*arundee* made neither with cotton nor silk but of a kind of *herba* spun by a worm that feeds upon the leaves of the tree called *arundee*, which bears a round prickly berry of which oyle is made."

There appears in the *Ain-i-Akbari*, under the section entitled "Wardrobe : Articles worn by His Majesty as recorded by his chronicler Abu'l Fazl," a very interesting reference to embroidery, as follows :—

The *Takauchiya* is a coat without a lining, of the Indian form. Formerly it had slits in the skirt and was tied on the left side. His Majesty has ordered it to be made with a round skirt and to be tied on the right side. The price for making a plain one varies from one rupee to three rupees; but if the coat be adorned with ornamental stitching, from one to four and three-quarters rupees. The *Shah-ajida*, or royal stitch coat, is also called *shast-khatt* (or 60 rows) as it has 60 ornamental stitches per *girih*. It has generally a double lining and is sometimes wadded and quilted. The cost of making is two rupees a yard. The *Suzani*...if sewed with *bakhya* (back) stitching the price of making one is eight rupees. One with *ajida* (chain) stitches costs four rupees.[11]

Sir Thomas Roe, the English Ambassador from the Court of King James to the Moghul Emperor, was

[8] *The Voyage of John Huyghen van Linschoten*. Edited by A. C. Burnell and P. A. Tiele. (The Hakluyt Society, London. 1884)

[9] *Ibid.*

[10] *Ibid.*

[11] *Ain-i-Akbari*. By Abu'l-Fazl 'Allami; translated by H. Blochmann; edited by D. C. Phillott. (Asiatic Society of Bengal, Calcutta. 1927)

sent in an endeavour to secure a firm footing in India for the East India Company, which was fearful lest the Portuguese should claim a monopoly of the trade in the East Indies. The Company also saw the necessity of securing permission from the Emperor to establish local centres in the Moghul domain which would serve for the collection and distribution of export and import goods. Thus Sir Thomas, a man of high standing, education and culture, whilst observing the arts and culture of the Moghul Empire, had, at the same time, one eye on the commercial prospects of such a highly competitive craft as embroidery.

In February 1617 he writes of his interview at Mandu with Jehangir :—

The Emperor spoke : " ...Only this I will require from you, and not expect it from the merchants, to take with you a patterne of a quiver and case for my bow, a coate to weare, a cushion to sleepe on of my fashion (which was at his head), and a paire of boots, which you shall cause to be embroydered in England of the richest manner, and I will expect and receive them from you, for I know in your countrey they can worke better than any I have seen : and if you send them mee, I am a king, you shall not lose by it "; which I most thankfully undertooke, and he commanded Asaph Chan to send me the patternes.[12]

In 1618 Sir Thomas Roe wrote from Surat to the East India Company advising what goods should be shipped to India, saying :—

They imitate every thing wee bring, and embroider now as well as wee... gold lace is much inquired after by the King...and imbroidered coates of the Indian fashion, for our wastcoates they cannot use here. I have patternes of the King of divers sortes sent you..., Insteade of sweete baggs, rownde cushions gathered like cloke bags, to lene on. Any of this in needlework or imbroiderie will sell cent. per cent. or not much less; all imbroiderie being fallen in value, for they have learned by ours to do as well. Boxes imbroidered will sell to profit.[13]

In the year 1666 Jean de Thevenot, a young man of independent means, from Paris, was in Agra, and he made some observations on the habits and costume of the people of that town :—

As for stockings the Indians are at no charge, for they use neither Stockings nor Socks, but put their Shoes on their naked Feet. The stuff they are made of is maroquin, or Turkey-leather; the Persons of Quality have them bordered with Gold, and they have behind a kind of a heel of the same stuff as the instep, which most commonly they fold down, as they do who go with their shoes slipshod. However the Banians wear the heel of theirs up because being men of business they would walk with freedom, which is very hard to be done, when the Foot is not on all sides begirt with the Shoe. Rich Banians cover the upper Leather of theirs with Velvet, Embroidered

[12] *The Embassy of Sir Thomas Roe to India, 1615-19.* Edited by Sir William Foster. (Oxford University Press, London. 1926)

[13] *Ibid.*

with great Flowers of Silk; and the rest are satisfied with red Leather and small Flowers, or some other decoration of little value.[14]

Another Venetian traveller, Niccolo Manucci, only once in his journal refers to embroidery in a note made in 1670 when he was a physician in Lahore :—

Lahore is the capital of a province. A quantity of fine white cloth is made there; many pieces of silk of all colours; also much work in embroidery, carpets, plain and flowered.[15]

Dr. John Francis Gemelli Careri was an Italian nobleman from Calabria who gave up his law practice to travel. When in India in 1695 he had an interview with Aurangzeb at his military encampment at Bijapur. Of this interview he writes :—

I passed on into the second Court, and then into the Royal Tents, and King's Apartments, adorned with Silks and Cloth of Gold. Finding the King in one of these rooms, sitting after the country manner, on Rich Carpets, and Pillows Embroidered with Gold. Having made my Obeisance after the Mogul Fashion, I drew near, a Christian of Agra being my Interpreter.[16]

By the 18th century, trade between India and Europe had increased to such a degree that Indian embroideries were well known in European markets, and the Abbé Guyon, writing of textiles produced in Dacca in 1774, says :—

From Dacca come the best and finest embroideries in gold, silver and silk, and those embroidered neck-cloths and fine muslins which are seen in France.[17]

Most of these references to embroidery have been gleaned from the journals of early European travellers and adventurers and they serve to indicate the importance of Indian embroideries through the centuries, for they are records of the admiration aroused by fine workmanship.

E. PAULINE QUIGLY

WOMEN AND WAR

The importance of woman's rôle in the avoidance of war was stressed by Dr. S. Radhakrishnan in an address at Bombay on August 27th. Speaking at a reception held in his honour by the United Women's Organizations Committee, representing 80 women's organizations, the Vice-President of India ascribed wars not to hatred but to "misunderstanding and universal fear."

We must try to develop understanding on healthier lines. If you want to prevent disease, you must improve the general health of the community. So also, you must improve the general friendliness and understanding among the nations.

The stability of the basis of civilization, he said, depended in large part on the character of women who were able to maintain their ideals. "Man," he remarked, was "partly savage and partly babe." It was "woman's duty to tame the savage and train the babe." Women, he said, were "famous for the greater virtue of love." Was it not time that they "stepped in and taught men how to behave better?"

[14] *Indian Travels of Thevenot and Careri.* Edited by SURENDRANATH SEN. (National Archives of India, Indian Records Series, New Delhi. 1949)

[15] *Storia do Mogor or Mogul India, 1653-1708.* By NICCOLO MANUCCI; translated by WILLIAM IRVINE. (John Murray, London. 1907)

[16] *Indian Travels,* etc.; *op. cit.*

[17] *Histoire des Indes Orientales par M. l'Abbe Guyon.* (Paris. 1774)

THE GREEN FRONT

[**Roy Bridger,** who has been described as one of the pioneers of the "Back to the Land" movement in Britain, and who is farming land which he has himself reclaimed, writes here of a problem which concerns us all, in these days of the threat of scarcity due to the exploitation of the soil in many countries.—ED.]

Among the achievements of human progress in modern times the advances in the understanding and application of the laws of physics and electricity have been so prominent that "science," a true definition of which is "the pursuit of knowledge of all phenomena," is now universally identified with simply this one class of phenomena—the non-living framework behind the changing panorama of life. Nature's kingdoms have been studied from the point of view of their chemical composition, their magnetic influence or their energy value, and the information derived has borne notable results. The structure of the atom has been studied also, and the knowledge obtained has been applied even more notably.

In the social field the almost exclusive interest in the physical sciences has been reflected in the preoccupation with "politics." If the violence of apparent physical chaos could be contained in the orderly inter-working of a number of rigid laws, how much more satisfying it would be, it was felt, if the activities of the most dynamic species in Nature could be expressed in a system of political dogmas. While the approach has had its successes, its inherent weaknesses have led to some disastrous breakdowns. The equivalent, on the social side, of that product of "disinterested scientific research," the atomic bomb, is the concentration camp.

That neither the technological "conquest of Nature" nor the political disposal of man as an isolated species independent of his environment is leading to peace and stability, or even to a reasonable degree of comfort, is becoming depressingly clear. Sir Charles Darwin (grandson of the famous scientist who propounded the principle of natural selection), in his recent book, *The Next Million Years*, prophesies that the world will have a high population, with a large minority suffering from or in continual danger of starvation, and that men will be more ruthless and more indifferent to human suffering than they are today.

If modern civilization continues on its present course there would certainly appear to be little hope of avoiding the bleak world thus depicted. Modern civilization can be diverted from its course the violent way, but most of its positive achievement would be destroyed in the process and the rate of regeneration would be slow. Peace is ever more

desirable as the cult of violence proceeds to its last refinements. Peace, however, is not a static negation of action. It is a state of vitality, an organized achievement, to be appraised constructively and to be built up with even more determination than is expended on an armament drive.

Man, moreover, does not exist in an isolated vacuum—as so much political thought is inclined to suggest. He is only one member of a very extensive community. Despite the grandeur of human aspirations, he has not won emancipation from the delicately balanced federation of kingdoms existing on the earth's face—plants, trees, insects, animals, water, atmosphere and soil. In Nature the community is perfectly balanced. If any species gets out of hand it is quickly brought to heel. New species have come and gone, yielding at last to a race with powers beyond all others, and this species has used its extremely developed powers in attempts to break out of the sequence.

The history of civilization is largely the story of man's efforts to keep out of hand without being brought to heel. As his mastery of metals and other non-living things was perfected, his power to destroy living organisms increased tremendously, until he at length emerged the unsuspecting, momentary "conqueror" of forces capable of deadlier retaliation than he was ever likely to command. Peace between human groups, was problematical. But no war, hot or cold, had been as destructive as this so-called "conquest of Nature," and, faced with the fury of a dust-bowl, the engulfing surge of mighty rivers in flood and a tide of epidemics and new diseases which broke through elsewhere as often as they were stemmed, man was to lose the most secure peace—the peace of the harmoniously balanced soil community.

Power and force—these are the mental tools with which the heritage has been destroyed. And now, trapped upon the over-populated territories wrested by force from a once rich environment, the peoples of the world are in confusion. Under the hypnotic influence of science, the common man is persuaded that salvation lies in tapping that mysterious and terrible force which holds together the positive and negative elements in the atom.

But, in spite of the very strong drag towards the exploitation and destruction of the soil, there are some powerful counter-movements. One of the most encouraging signs of recent times has been the emergence of a great body of soil literature. More and more study is being devoted to the understanding of that thin layer of soil on the crust of the earth from which life derives and upon which it depends.

The first of the now famous landmarks of soil-conservation literature came, fittingly enough, from the heart of the American dust-bowl. *Deserts on the March* by Paul B.

Sears[1] drew attention to the shameful waste of natural resources resulting from cash-crop farming. With the appearance of *The Rape of the Earth* by G. V. Jacks and R. O. Whyte,[2] soil erosion was surveyed on a world-wide scale. Sir Albert Howard, who had perfected his now famous process of composting while Director of the Institute of Plant Industry, Indore, headed a rapidly expanding body of opinion which held that quality, as well as quantity, was being sacrificed in the new mechanized types of farming. Research organizations, such as the Soil Association, were formed. The movement towards greater soil consciousness was well on its road.

But during this period another pioneer group in the same field had been establishing itself, not in the centres of civilization, but in the distant outposts of the world. In 1918 a young Second Lieutenant, who three years earlier had been picked up for dead after shell-fire but had been restored to health, was again badly wounded and invalided from the Army. In 1922 Captain Richard St. Barbe Baker was appointed Assistant Conservator of Forests in Kenya. Here his tremendous energy, his naturally buoyant spirit, his singleness of purpose and his great gift for making friends among peoples of all colours and creeds led him to found, two years later, a movement which spread across Equatorial Africa into many other countries. *Watu wa Miti* ("Men of the Trees") was begun as an activity in which warring tribesmen could learn to co-operate in the more constructive work of planting trees. The Kikuyu had a bad record as forest destroyers. The idea caught on. In his foreword to Captain Baker's story of his life in Africa, *Africa Drums*, the late Professor Malinowski wrote:

> Captain Baker's contribution to the great work of developing Africa on African lines may prove to be one of the most original, most remarkable, and most fruitful of enterprises.

That idea of converting the wastefulness of warfare into the noble co-operation of peoples everywhere in the task of reclothing the badly-scarred earth was dominant throughout the 34 packed years which have intervened since his discharge from the Army. It breaks upon the fateful scene today as the proclamation of the Green Front and the project for a University of the Sahara. The story of the memorable intervening years is told in *I Planted Trees* and in *Green Glory*.[3] St. Barbe Baker has never been afraid to think big. His world lecture tour, commenced with no financial backing, culminated in his meeting with President Roosevelt and in the inauguration of the Civilian Conservation Corps camps, and with his successful fight to save the world's oldest living trees—the

[1] University of Oklahoma Press, 1935.
[2] Faber and Faber, Ltd., London, 1939.
[3] Both from the Lutterworth Press.

California redwoods—from destruction.

It was probably too early, in the 1920's, for the real significance of work like this to be appreciated. It needed the long, backward sweep of perspective, the perspective of comparative history on the scale of Toynbee's work, *A Study of History*, but with man studied in relation to the rest of the soil community. We had to wait until 1952 for this contribution to our awareness. In his recently published *Soil and Civilization*,[4] Mr. Edward Hyams has surveyed the growth and decline of civilizations with reference to soil treatment. In the early ages man was a harmless member of a naturally balanced soil community. As his technical equipment—and his mental outlook—developed, he could become a soil-maker (as in the Inca civilization) or, as was the general rule, he could achieve a less enduring but superficially brilliant civilization as a parasite on the soil. The chapter on soil parasitism in the Asiatic communities is particularly instructive. The cultures of the Indus Valley flourished and declined in an environment of ever decreasing forest cover and consequent increasing desiccation. Over the Asiatic plains rolled successive waves of nomads and settlers, the former, by comparison with the general pattern of destructive agriculture, being the more worthy guardians of the soil.

The book ends with these words :—

If man can also think of himself as one of the materials of this new art (of creative ecology) as well as the artist, he may yet learn from his ancient contact with the soil how to live nobly and at peace.

And the most recent issue of *Trees*, the journal of the "Men of the Trees," makes this comment on the present clash of political ideologies :—

A widespread impression exists in the West that the most urgent problem facing us is the struggle against Communism. This is not so. While Marx was elaborating the doctrine of class struggle the Industrial Revolution was perfecting a technique of soil-mining which was to make his contribution irrelevant.

The politicians have stood still, obsessed with the struggle of man against man. But the real enemy has been advancing. The gravest threat today is the disorganization of the conditions which make life possible at all. The struggle is between life and non-life.

Just how much the prophet is ahead of his times is a matter for speculation. The crest of the wave is always a little way in front, but it is carried there only by the motion of the vast body of water underneath. In the responses coming in from all parts of the world to the plea of the "Men of the Trees" can be sensed a great stirring of consciousness that the *impasse* of political warfare is breaking up. In the issue of *Trees* previously quoted, an article on a German sister organiza-

[4] Thames and Hudson.

tion describes the strenuous efforts being made to retain and increase the earth's forest cover in that country, while a letter from a member in another country with whom Britain was at war illustrates even more strikingly the strength of the new realization of man's most fundamental obligations.

"I am indebted to you for sending me *Green Glory*," Yonosuke Nakano, founder of the Ananai-Kyo, Japan, writes,

and it was presented to the Emperor and Empress at the Tree Planting Festival on April 4th at Mount Hakone ....8,000 cypress saplings were planted by some 4,000 representatives from all over the country—an overture to the planting of 17,500 acres on the bare sides of the mountain....Tree planting is deeply fixed in the Emperor's mind, and the day on which *Green Glory* was presented to him is of far-reaching significance. May I ask you to co-operate with us in the Green Front throughout the world?

The Green Front was first proclaimed by the "Men of the Trees" before the diplomatic representatives of 34 countries at a meeting of the World Forestry Charter in London, on March 21st, 1952. The Founder followed up his proclamation with an announcement of his forthcoming expedition to the Sahara as the first step towards his plan to found a University there. On this trip he will renew contact with the original *Watu wa Miti*, for he has received pressing invitations from the present Chiefs to celebrate the anniversary year in Kenya.

Peace through tree-planting, through the co-operation of all peoples in the work of continuous creation—the hope comes like a burst of sunshine through the clouds of mounting rearmament. War can never abolish war. The establishment of the Green Front is in true accord with the teaching of Mahatma Gandhi that for the attainment of the right end we must employ the right means.

ROY BRIDGER

THE POET

It was the hour of midnight when lovers, both human and divine, go to the tryst to embrace the God of love and the love of God and to dwell for an æon in the amplitude of eternity. The air was resonant with the speechless symphony of the stars and still with the eloquence of sanctity.

In the shadow of the over-spreading, aged banyan tree, tapestried with the silvery threads of moonlight, there blossomed forth a flower, in all its beauty, surcharged with the fragrance and felicity of heaven. The bird asleep in the nest was disturbed in its dreams of the delights and dynamism of the sky.

Then the morning sun rose and kissed the blossom and quickened the bird into the freedom and flame of song. And the wayfarer, spell-bound by what he saw and what he heard, asked in the wonder of the wherefore, "Tell me, O Sun, the secret of the song of beatuy and the beauty of song."

The Sun answered, "It is the Poet, seated in my heart, who has performed the magic and the miracle."

G. M.

DEVOTION

WITH REFERENCE TO THE NARADA AND SANDILYA BHAKTI SUTRAS

[Writing under a pen-name, **Shri "Ramachandra"** presents in this essay the teachings of Nārada and Śāndilya on *Bhakti* or Devotion. *Bhakti* is an important factor in spiritual development, but too often the counterfeit passes for the real. The psychic intoxication which cloistered prayers or mass worship may alike produce is, compared to genuine devotion, as water is to fire. The *Bhakti* Movement which swept mediæval India, a sentimental yearning towards a sublimated Beloved, was not everywhere as free from unwholesome excesses as in Mahārāshtra, where the leaders laid sturdy stress upon morality. The attempt to separate the path of *Bhakti* from that of *Jnāna* and of *Karma* (knowledge and action) must result not only in lop-sided individual development but also in failure to achieve devotion in any real or effective sense.—ED.]

We have become familiar with the "Unknowns" and the "Unknowables," without, as the terms themselves denote, either an intellectual or an emotional grasp of them. To be familiar with something does in itself denote an experience of reality, but what, then, is the reality in our minds that has made the "Unknowns" familiar to us? The endless arguments that we have had about them, the spending of so much of our thought energy on them, has created in us a false sense of understanding them. It is something like a game played by us with the "Unknowns" as pawns and, because the game—the mental activity amidst the "Unknowns"—has been so interesting to us that the reality of it has been impressed on our minds, we have hypnotized ourselves into the belief that this reality of the game is the reality of the pawns themselves. This is particularly true of our sense of reality about God, the greatest among the "Unknowns," and about the Infinite and the Eternal around Him. We think that we have an intellectual grasp of Him because of the interesting arguments we have had about Him and His universe. God has thus become in our lives a seeming intellectual reality but a practical non-entity.

How then are we to feel the reality of God? The answer is in that word "*feel.*" It is more nearly possible to have an emotional grasp of Him than an intellectual one. In other words, *Bhakti* (Devotion), helps us more than *Jnāna* (Knowledge) to get near Him. Nārada, therefore, advises *Bhaktas* (Devotees) not to enter into controversy about God: *Vado nāvalambyaha* (*Nārada Bhakti Sūtras*, 74); and Śāndilya says that the reason for

Samsāra (the endless cycle of births and deaths) is *A-bhakti* (want of devotion towards God) and not *A-jnāna* (want of knowledge about God).

The modern mind, however, with its highly rationalistic outlook, finds it difficult to prefer an emotional path to an intellectual one. It would rather bring within the limited orbit of human intellect the illimitable God and His universe. The " understanding " of a thing has for it only the meaning of " intellectual understanding " and not the wider meaning of " an over-all feeling of kinship with that which has to be understood. " This is unfortunate, and is itself not understandable, as, within our own experience in our daily lives, we constantly find that the Good, the Beautiful and the Pleasant have more an emotional than an intellectual basis. We refer to a good person as one with a good heart, and not as one with a great intellect. We are aware, whether we will or not, that the intellectual dissection of a personality usually leads us to unfair conclusions about him, while an emotional approach results in understanding. It certainly is not being rational to overlook or deny these facts in life because we cannot explain them by the help of our intellect alone. The attitude of the rational mind, it would appear, is in itself irrational. If we assess the reach of our emotion or intellect in our real understanding of a great ideal, we find that our emotions carry us farther towards it than our intellect. An appreciation of this fact made Swami Vivekananda say :—

We may be the most intellectual people the world ever saw, and yet may not come to God at all. On the other hand, irreligious men have been produced from the most intellectual training. When there is conflict between the heart and the brain, let the heart be followed. It is the heart that takes one to the highest plane, which intellect can never reach. It goes beyond intellect and reaches what is called " inspiration. " Always cultivate the heart. Through the heart the Lord speaks.

Speaking of the *Nārada* and the *Śāndilya Bhakti Sūtras* themselves, the *Nārada Bhakti Sūtras* have a greater appeal to us because they are an emotional interpretation of an emotion, while the *Śāndilya Bhakti Sūtras* do not make so intimate an appeal to our hearts, being more an intellectual interpretation of an emotion. Both these sages, however, had realized this farther reach of emotion over intellect in effecting understanding, and establishing a relationship, and have, therefore, extolled *Bhakti* as superior to *Jnāna* for the realization of God by man. Nārada says : " It (*Bhakti*) is superior to *Karma, Jnāna* and *Yoga.* "

Śāndilya says that a *Bhakta* is more sanctified than a *Karmi* or a *Jnāni* or a *Yogi* :—

Bhakti is not merely an emotion but an emotion in its purest form—love ; and it is not merely love, but love at its highest, supreme love

towards God. (*S.B.S.*, 1-2-13)

Nārada says: "That (*Bhakti*), verily, is of the nature of supreme love of God." (*N.B.S.*, 2)

Śāndilya says: "That (*Bhakti*) is the supreme interest (that one feels) in God." (*S.B.S.*, 1-1-2)

Much has been written about the "Idea of God" and "God-realization." From most of it, it would appear that the ultimate to be desired is getting away from the "transient" into the "eternal"; in other words, salvation is our ceasing to take part in the play of God's creation, and becoming merged in the Eternal Spirit that, without the help of those who have attained salvation and without their taking any more part in it, would continue the eternal game of creation or the manifestation of the "transient" within the "eternal." I wonder if God Himself is aware of this demarcation between the "transient" and the "eternal." There is no doubt whatsoever that we are of the "eternal"; of God's omnipotence. There can be nothing "transient" and, to my mind, a very important stage in our spiritual growth is that at which we clearly see the "eternal" in the "transient."

God's universe has a poise, just as an individual has. The highest in spiritual realization is to reach a stage when the individual's poise—not mental or intellectual, but a poise of the whole self—is in absolute conformity and perfect harmony with the poise of God's universe. We may call this state by any name—"living according to God's standards," "serving God's purpose" or "God-realization." The essence of it is that, however insignificant a unit the individual man may be in the universal set-up, he should not be an aberration from that poise of the universe but integrally of it. This is what God would have of us. This idea, or one very near it, has been beautifully expressed by Plotinus:—

> We are like a choir of singers standing round the conductor, who do not always sing in tune because their attention is diverted to some external object. When they look at the conductor, they sing well and are really with him. So we always move round the One. If we did not, we should dissolve and cease to exist. But we do not always look towards the One. When we do, we attain our rest; and we no longer sing out of tune, but form in truth a divine choir round the One.

The difficulty is in getting a sense of the poise of God's universe to enable ourselves to develop individual poise in conformity with it. Our intellect cannot help us here; our emotion only can, and that, too, the emotion of love. We have to make ourselves over to God so completely that, after a time, the sense of God's purpose, and the sense of that poise of His universe, become a part of our being without our seeking for them, and without our ever even being conscious of them as acquisitions. *Bhakti* (Devotion) is this placing of ourselves entirely in

God's hands so that the sense of how He would have us be may unconsciously be ours, and we become as He would have us be. This does not call for an appraisal of our God-given senses as inimical to our spiritual interest, or for the unnatural suppression of them as a necessary antecedent to spiritual growth. *Bhakti* permits the full play of our God-given senses; we have only to channel them towards God.

Nārada says :—

> Dedicating all activities to Him, desire, anger, pride, etc., should be directed only towards Him, or employed only in the exercise of *Bhakti* towards Him. (*N.B.S.*, 65)

When we lose ourselves in an atmosphere or an environment, that atmosphere or environment plays through us. It is so with God and ourselves. When we lose ourselves in Him, He thinks through us, feels through us and acts through us; in short, He lives through us. We thus become truly vehicles of God, and of Godliness. *Bhakti* does not encourage us to hanker after a state away from this one, of which we can never have a true understanding, but to accept whatever state we are in, and to dedicate our all in that state to God so that He may use us as His instrument in whatever manner He wills. The great *Bhaktas* (Devotees), who have thus surrendered themselves to God's will, feel confident that God directs them in everything, that their "inner voice" is surely God's voice. That this direction of God from within is never for a cessation of activity in this world, but for sublime action in it, is finely expressed in the *Nārada Bhakti Sūtras*. The essence of the *Bhagavad-Gita* finds repeated expression in them :—

> On the attainment of *Bhakti*, or even for the attainment of it, life in society need not be shunned; only the fruits of all activities are to be surrendered to the Lord; all such activities, naturally righteous and so bearing noble fruit, may be continued. (*N.B.S.*, 62)

> In them (*Bhaktas*) there is no distinction based on caste or culture, beauty or birth, wealth or profession, and the like. Because they are His own. (*N.B.S.*, 72-3)

> He (the *Bhakta*) should cultivate and preserve virtues such as non-violence, truth, purity, compassion, faith in higher spiritual things, and the like. (*N. B. S.*, 78)

Bhakti is thus rather the perfecting, with God's help, of our living here, than a search after a state, in regard to which we can only argue, without reaching conclusions of which we can be certain. If salvation is the getting back of the "Self" into the "Primeval Spirit (God)," as It existed before It resolved Itself into creation or manifestation, whatever the latter may be, that itself is not the end. If we can stretch our intellect so far into eternity as to cover a single cycle of the beginning and the end of the universe, we can increase the audacity of our intellect, travel farther into eternity and comprehend as well that another cycle

will begin, and that we have to come out of the Primeval Spirit—once again to serve the purpose of a new universe. Where then is the meaning of salvation, as at present understood? As Śāndilya says: "There is no end to God's effects." (*S.B.S.*, 2-1-9)

There can thus be no state for us where we shall be exempt from serving God's purpose, so let our concern be to serve Him best in the state in which we are. This, then, is the attitude of the *Bhakta*: never to indulge in arguments about God and the Hereafter; never to think of the "Eternal" as existing apart from the "Transient"; but, attaching the same meaning to the "Transient" as attached to the "Eternal," to serve God's purpose here, in this state, by obtaining His guidance through surrender of all his faculties, that is of his whole self, to Him. The attitude of the *Bhakta* expresses the realization of the meaning of this *śloka* in the *Kenopaniśad*:—

He understands It (Brahman), who conceives It not; and he understands It not, who conceives It.

It is the "unknown" to the man of true knowledge, but to the ignorant It is the "known."

In the final analysis, *Bhakti* is made up of Love, Humility and Faith; first, an intense Love towards God to the point of it causing us acute anguish to live separated from Him; next, a Humility that makes us realize our limitations for understanding the Infinite and the Eternal, and leads us, therefore, to place ourselves entirely in the hands of God, relying least on ourselves and our own discerning power; and, lastly, the Faith that, having dedicated our all to God, His voice will speak to us from within our hearts, to guide us through our lives here, and, for the rest, His benevolence will arrange for us a state hereafter wherein we can continue to serve His purpose with the same Love, Humility and Faith.

RAMACHANDRA

DRUGS AND DISEASE

Modern civilization, they say, moves often between disease and drugs, for so fast is the tempo of life in the present age that disease (with its attendant phenomenon of "dis-ease," emotional as well as mental) has become almost a common occurrence. And to cure the disease (quite a Pandora's box!) doctors continue to discover and prescribe new medicines one after another. These medicines or new-fangled discoveries not seldom lead to fresh and unsuspected diseases. So the vicious circle goes on. Therefore, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru did well, in the course of his address to the college students of Madras on October 9, 1952, to stress the positive aspect of health and to suggest that people cultivate more the power of resistance. "It is the power of resistance that keeps you going and not drugs," he said, and then added that he had never been near such drugs as the sulpha drugs, implying thereby, no doubt, that drugs are not always the right remedy for disease.

G. M.

TIME AND MONEY TODAY

[**Miss Elizabeth Cross** needs no introduction to our readers. Her robust common sense, combined with human sympathy, makes her articles both penetrating and invigorating. This study of our topsy-turvy values should give pause to many who have accepted them unthinkingly. "The cheerful performance of duty" has been well called the "first step towards being positive and self-centred." Miss Cross encourages us here to take that step.—ED.]

Saving time and spending money seem to be the twin aims of modern society. There is great admiration for any machine that can do a job faster than it has been done before: there is even more praise for the man who devises new methods for his workpeople. As for money, well, the more money anything costs the more desirable it must be.

You save time, on your journeys, in your work, in your cooking, so that you may have more "Leisure." Leisure is a magic word, filled with value and glamour. You may have special clothes for your "leisure moments," buy special chairs and lounges, read special magazines, nibble special sweetmeats and gradually accumulate a vast array of tools for "leisure-time pursuits." The richer in money you become the more the time you ought to save and the larger the sums you should expend in dealing with this leisure.

It must be admitted that this glorification of time saving and of money spending has reached greater excess in the United States than anywhere else, but other countries are not far behind. In England, at any rate, we are constantly being persuaded to go travelling in a particular manner in order to "save time"; and our mechanical aids to this pursuit are legion. What is more, we are growing daily more niggardly over the portion of time we can spare for our daily work. A five-day week is a necessity, and part of those five days is used up in getting ready *for* work and in tidying up *after* work—so that usually a mere four and a half days are used for the actual work itself. In any case it is growing clear that work itself is an evil and that our bounden duty is to invent more timesaving and laboursaving machines to do it all.

Much present-day work must be unpleasant in the extreme, monotonous, boring, with no apparent result. This is, chiefly, the result of excessive labour saving and mechanization and will remain until we blow ourselves up in our effort to save still more time and labour. At the same time, however, there is also a great deal of work, particularly in shops, hospitals and market gardens and on farms that is not at all dull, even though it may be repetitive in a broad sense. What is apt to make work dull and tiresome today is the growing tendency to

lump all work together as bad, as something that must be done in order to get money, and that must be "got through," endured, in an almost semi-conscious manner. This modern attitude reduces almost any work to slavery; it infects the young people who are just beginning to work and gives them the idea that enthusiasm is foolish, and eagerness to learn a sign of childishness.

Together with the idea that work is dull and tiresome comes the attitude that it must be hurried through in any slipshod manner, in order to get to the promised land of "leisure." It makes no difference to the workers whether they get paid for hurrying; they often do it if it means they can stop "work" and dive into a cheap magazine or newspaper. In any case, hurry or no, no interest is taken in the actual activity of the work. The more conscientious and the well-supervised certainly know what they are doing and may do the job adequately, but they are not enjoying themselves in the least. In fact, if you suggested that they ought to be enjoying themselves they would probably think you were mad.

But surely every one ought to enjoy himself every day; not perhaps all day (and maybe not on the days when one has quarrelled with one's wife, or has a headache) but most of the day. Every one should be able to rejoice in his ability to see and work, to hear and talk, and to be active, taking an adult share in the world. What a poor view it is to be selling a large part of your life so that you can take home enough money to keep alive and please yourself with the rest of your time. It would not be quite so bad if these people were vitally alive during the hours they have bought at such a great price, if those "leisure times" were filled with glorious activity and ardent interests. But are they? They certainly are not; they are far more filled with watching other people on the cinema or television screen or possibly with the reading of lurid adventures in a crime novel!

How should we enjoy our work? First of all by examining its possibilities, and trying to discover the best way of doing every separate job. If, after a fair trial, we discover that we are never going to be happy in it, then we must change. Certainly we can't all change suddenly and leave our dependents to starve, but we can begin training for what should be our real work. But there are thousands of people who have no dependents and who could change immediately, throw away the false gods of security and pensions and convenient offices and high wages and find out what they would be willing to do with all their hearts.

In order to give any work a fair trial, however, I feel that we should slow down, take a good look at each task and try to see the interest in it. For example, there is the housewife who is being pitied so much in so many newspaper articles: she

ought to have this, she ought to have that—how dreadful it is for her to have the fires to light, the washing up to do and so on! Truly, it is dreadful only if she is feeling ill or has too much for her strength. What is usually wrong is that while she is doing all her tasks she is wishing she were somewhere else; being the heroine in some cheap romance, whirling away in a fast cinema-car and so on. Let her begin the day a little earlier than usual so that she has no need to hurry and get fussed, and look at all her work with the eyes of a seven-year-old child. The child would be only too pleased to arrange wood and fuel in the cleverest manner, so that one match will send the delicate orange flames licking around for further nourishment. The child would watch the smoke, perhaps thinking of the forest and the autumn days when it is most delightful to go out and gather kindling wood. Lighting a fire is a charming occupation and only a completely wrong attitude of mind has turned it into a tiresome one.

Washing up is another regular task that nowadays asks for pity, when in truth it should be a matter for congratulation that we have had something to cook and thus something to wash up! Nearly all women today have reasonable conveniences for washing up. Only a few (and those the most contented) have to fetch water from the well, others have a tap and means to heat water easily. They could very well wash up comfortably and thoughtfully, taking a leisurely pleasure in the soapy water and the sight of the shining crockery ready for the shelf. The new thought, however, is that washing up is an evil, that a machine should do it while the housewife gets on with her "leisure." And what of the leisure when we examine it, this time saved so carefully? The many have become so dulled with their boredom over work that it takes violent, synthetic thrills to please them in their leisure. The better type of people, those who still retain some human instincts, turn at once to more traditional pursuits. Thus we find evening "leisure" classes filled with people learning hand-weaving, pottery, rug-making, fabric printing —all going back to pre-machine days!

Why not try spacing out your leisure, so that you do not need to save time or to spend so much money? Why not try to discover the joy in work, how amusing and entertaining a job can be when you have time to examine its possibilities? Try to rid yourself, a little at a time perhaps, of the tyranny of hurry, so that it is no tragedy at all if you miss the bus home and take a later one, or even walk! Try pausing when you are washing up, and look out of the window at the birds who have come to pick up the crumbs from your last meal. Spend your leisure here and there in a thoughtful way, be daring enough to stand still for five minutes and watch the sunset, or the way poplar leaves

blow when the wind is from the west.

Those who do enjoy their chosen work and all of the many activities open to the able-bodied (or even the partially disabled) in home and garden have little interest in "leisure" because they find no distinction between work and play. It happens that in our present civilization we are so interdependent that we are obliged to use money, and so must earn at least a minimum in order to fit in with our fellowmen, but this actual payment need mean little. Our paid work should interest us and enable us to use our capacities for the common good, and our unpaid activities should be equally purposeful and valuable. If this is the case we are always occupied, in body or mind or both, and have no need or time for artificial excitement or the much-advertised "leisure-time pursuits" that cost more money than we are likely to be able to afford.

At the moment we are becoming true slaves, both to time and to money, and, what is worse, we are slaves to an artificial time, for we have little true or peaceful nighttime (owing to artificial light and city noises) and even the children are kept from bed to watch the television programme. Our money has become almost as false, owing to fluctuating values, and only those who own land and can grow their food feel reasonably stable. If we desire freedom we must ignore the publicity of the timesavers and the money servers and think for ourselves. It is only in our attitude of mind that we may become independent and turn time into eternity.

ELIZABETH CROSS

INTERNATIONAL PEN-FRIENDS

Under this title Jacques Guérif writes in the September *Think* of the work of the International Federation for Scholastic Correspondence:—

"Teachers are convinced," he says, "that the pen-friend scheme has very real educational value. It awakens a deep interest in language study and it leads the young writers to better understanding of how other people live." Since 1946 this organization covering 45 countries has added to its co-ordination work that of exchanges of, and trips by, students. Thanks to its efforts hundreds of thousands of young people exchange letters regularly.

Many among them apply directly to the national offices to find a correspondent, but most of the exchanges are made through headmasters and teachers. They forward requests to their own national offices which get in touch with similar organizations abroad and make the arrangements.

But, says M. Guérif, "Educators insist that the correspondence be personal, individual and voluntary." Of course the teachers can assist in co-ordinating the correspondence. Not only do these young people find out about other countries but they learn to appreciate their own community better by means of comparison and the natural curiosity aroused. "Teachers and parents," says the writer in closing, "are enthusiastic promoters of the scheme, seeing in its further development an important contribution to world understanding and a genuine international society."

We recommend the scheme to the attention of educators of youth in this country.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

LIVING FOLKLORE *

Rabindranath Tagore compared our European civilization to an express train blindly rushing along, while Indian civilization was like a ploughman, nobly sowing and having peace and leisure to admire the sunset.

The deafening noises of engines do not hush his voice or kill his inspiration; thus folk art, folklore and folksongs have remained alive in India. I can never forget a handsome young shepherd playing the flute in the desert around Santiniketan (Tagore's ashram) and, now and then, tracing on the sand some decorative designs; it was upsetting, like something sacred, eternal, such as one can hardly ever witness in Europe.

That is why any manifestation of the rural flute seems so rare and precious to us in France; that is why we feel happy and surprised when unexpectedly we are aware that folklore is still alive around us; but its voice is so low and the noise around is so loud that one must look for it before finding it at last. Many of our Provinces which apparently are deaf to all that is not vulgarized by the wireless, still possess hidden treasures; they shine here and there, now and then, like nuggets.

We must be just and not too pessimistic towards our European conditions, which, though they have crushed many things, have not yet managed to suppress the *naïveté* of popular songs, the charm of simple poetry. Women poets, mostly, have kept up its flickering flame. In Dordogne, a young girl, Sabine Sicaud, lived with her parents in an out-of-the-way, wild corner rightly called "The Solitude." She bent over the simple, everyday plants of her vegetable garden and sang a lovely poem to the "flower of the broad-bean." She looked up toward the high fir trees and wrote in a poem that "they were like pilgrims." She died at the age of 15 years. The great poetess, Comtesse Anna de Noailles, discovered those unpublished poems; wrote an enthusiastic introduction to the booklet which revealed them to the lovers of simple poetry. Through the heart and voice of that child, who died too young, plants and animals expressed themselves with all the charm of simple folklore, yet with the refinement of true poetry.

In Auvergne, in a small library (where she sold books to earn her daily bread) Amélie Murat (who passed away lately) sang in *mezza voce* "lullabies to the child who would never be born," and dedicated a touching ballad to "an unknown Indian soldier, who died during the war of 1914, for a cause that was not his, far, far away from his Motherland." Her books, *The Song of Eve (La Chanson d'Ève)*, *To Live Still (Vivre Encore)*, etc., are full of little masterpieces.

In Burgundy, Marie Noël sings as she plies her needle in the family cottage in her little village:—

> While I was sewing, sewing and sewing,
> Heart of mine, what were you saying?....

She goes sometimes several years without publishing anything; she writes only under deep, high and true inspiration; as with the bards of olden days, the music and the verses come out of her heart at the same time, inseparable twins; her religious poems have the truly popular feeling of the sculptures on the mediæval cathedrals

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* *En Gardant Mon Troupeau: Douze chansons de Maria Guizol; dessins de Georges Bard.* (Editions Barados, Magagnosc, Alpes-Maritimes, France. 24 pp. Illustrated. 1951. 500 *fr.*)

left by unknown but highly gifted handicraftsmen.

Sitting in her "Provincial Kitchen" Cécile Périn sings the beauty of the daily objects that help her in her familiar drudgery; she also writes nursery rhymes for her great-grandchildren while roaming about in the country, picking with delight a twig of thyme, listening to the bells of a flock of sheep or to the silvery song of a toad.

In tending her herd of goats among the olive trees, Maria Guizol of Magagnosc also carries on, like Marie Noël, the tradition of the ancient bards; in the complete solitude of the Provençal *arrière pays*, with her goats as the only listeners, she sings the most truly popular rhymes that can be heard nowadays. What a joy to discover in our matter-of-fact epoch that the millenary spring continues to sing as it gurgles through the green, soft moss, in spite of the noise of modern civilization, in spite of the hard asphalt on which sentiments and lorries rush with a mad speed. Until now, the songs of Maria Guizol evaporated in the pure and perfumed atmosphere, and remained unknown to all except a few friends and neighbours who liked her familiar silhouette, her brown cape, her big sun-hat, her dog Labri. She repeated her songs to them, sitting before the hearth of her antique fireplace adorned with green, rustic pots.

"Come and sing your ballads in our drawing-room," said some foreign tourists to Maria Guizol. With the gesture of a Queen pointing out the frontiers of her realm, the herdswoman answered, proudly showing the sky, the hills, the far-away Mediterranean, "This is my drawing-room," and refused to sing for others than her goats and her neighbours.

Yet some friends managed to collect a dozen of her songs amongst the several hundred carried in her memory; a known musician noted the melodies, like the nightingale's. (Maria Guizol can sing but ignores practising scales.) A young and promising artist illustrated the poems with freshness and wit; thus was born, in the unassuming but picturesque little village of Magagnosc the album, *En Gardant Mon Troupeau* (While Watching My Herd). It is making its way towards the outer world. At a festivity in the College of Grasse one of the songs was acted out by the girls; some others are sung in the village schools; colleges in Paris have given the album as a prize book, and so on. One of the herdswoman's best poems is the one about the mysterious, empty "Sailing Boat":—

Sail, empty skiff, sail,
Prompted by the gale.
Sail, empty skiff, sail
On the silvery waves;

No captain has ever
From his beloved boat,
Let the siren bellow
Towards some haven;
No ship-boy has ever
Climbed in its rigging,
No sailor has ever
Leaned on its railing and wept;

If only I could live
Under your big sails
And follow your whims,
Sailing boat charming,
And escape with you
And your doleful rigging
Far from all shores
Under the firmament!

ANDREE KARPELES HOGMAN and ADALRIK HOGMAN

GOD AND MAN *

For some time past the contemporary scene in philosophy has been enlarged by a group loosely called Existentialist. In much of their thought there is nothing profoundly novel, having roots as it does in ideas which can be found as far back as Augustine and a more recent ancestry in the Danish thinker Kierkegaard. Indeed, the interest evoked by the religious and philosophical ideas of Kierkegaard is an amazing feature in the thought of Europe today. But Existentialism is a label applied to thinkers of the most varied kind—atheists like Sartre and Camus, Christians of the Protestant variety and Catholics like Marcel, not to speak of the Jewish philosopher Buber, the Russian Orthodox Berdyaev and the German Jaspers.

All that they have in common is a new approach to the problems of existence and the relation of existence to essence. It is noteworthy that Marcel, though he is often regarded as the founder of Christian Existentialism, "a label," he says, "first attached to me in Italy," insists that "the term Existentialism brought with it the worst misunderstanding, and I now consider I have repudiated it once and for all." *Metaphysical Journal* consists of entries made between 1914 and 1923 but in date it is the latest of Marcel's works to be published, and there is no doubt that it is an invaluable tool for the understanding of a thinker who, it must be confessed, is not easy to comprehend. To study the development of a man's thought, his grappling with terms, his day-to-day musings is indeed fascinating but it is not easy. In his preface to this English edition, admirably translated by an intimate friend of his, (Marcel himself calls the translation "*magnifique*") he says that the book is "difficult and in places disconcerting." It certainly demands the most concentrated attention and a knowledge of the whole range of philosophic literature. It is hardly a book for amateurs but certainly gives food for thought to professional metaphysicians.

The central theme of the *Journal* is the impossibility of thinking of Being as object. This criticism of objectivization, which is also a clue to the central ideas of Berdyaev, constitutes the hard core of this book. Much of it is a working-out of the thesis in relation to belief in God. If we say that God exists we make God an object, which is certainly not the case.

> To deny God as existing, in our sense, is to refuse absolutely to treat him as an empirical object, and at the same time and in consequence to deny (and the negation is transformed into a negation of itself, that is, into the negation of a negation) that anything in experience, that anything in that which exists, can be incompatible with God, can exclude God.

It is remarkable what Marcel is able to do in the development of the "*cogito*" of Descartes. "I think, therefore I am" virtually is transformed into "I believe, therefore I am." Profound things are said about faith. A faith which justifies is something quite other than certitude and justification must not go back "to establishing an implication of notions." So subtly Marcel endeavours to work out the relation of "I think" to "I believe."

Personal relations cannot be based on any regard for the other person as object. The example of the saint is taken.

> Anyone who reflects on sanctity, for him by an analytical necessity sanctity is suppressed. In this sense we can say, I think, that the saint can only be the object of a cult—cult being defined here as the participation of a mind in another mind which it does not accept as an object or datum...a cult some humble person devotes to a saint of whom he knows nothing...has more being than volumes piled up by men of learning so

* *Metaphysical Journal.* By GABRIEL MARCEL; translated by BERNARD WALL. (Rockliffe Publishing Corp., Ltd., London. 344 pp. 1952. 30s.)

as to reduce the saint to normal proportions or even to establish that he never existed.

But it must not be supposed that Marcel advocates any kind of subjectivism. This is as fiercely refuted as the dualism which seems to be for him the worst enemy.

What I call the *situation* certainly cannot be reduced to the consciousness of the actors; for in this order no "adding up" or "integration" is possible. The unity of the situation appears to those "involved" in it as essentially being a datum given, but at the same time as something that permits of and even calls for their active intervention.

"Every relation of being to being is personal" and "the relation between God and me is nothing if it is not a relation of being with being, or strictly of being with itself....God is the absolute "Thou" who can never become "him." But "scientific knowledge only speaks of the real in the third person."

One may conclude a most inadequate review of a profound and subtle description of "work in progress," of a philosopher "with his shirt sleeves up" with a remark which appears about half-way through: "All the judgments made on God by man fall back on to man's own head. Thou art not is man's verdict: but what of the verdict-maker—*is* he?"

LEONARD M. SCHIFF

The Deep Church. By MELVILLE CHANING-PEARCE ("Nicodemus"). (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 222 pp. 1952. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

Mr. Chaning-Pearce has done a service to Christendom by reminding it that what is wanted is neither a High nor a Low Church but a *deep* one —a Church which evolves of necessity from an inward spirituality instead of one which is imposed by authority from without. And his warning of the increasing Totalitarianism of Catholicism, both Anglican and Roman, which today dismisses mystical "seeing" by the individual as moonshine, is timely:—

To be approved...the mystic must wear Church-consecrated blinkers; to see simply is to sin. The profound contempt for humanity implicit in such an attitude is evident. It is upon such a scorn of man that all totalitarianism builds.

And yet, as he shows, this religious totalitarianism has lately made immense infiltration into Britain, which is supposed to be defending the free way of life.

When dealing with such facts, and in his clear and reasoned disposal of the Roman Catholic Church's claim to infallibility, the author's conclusions hold great interest for Christians and non-Christians alike. But when he suggests that the Deep Church of the Spirit should find outward expression in a revival of the early, pre-Roman Christian Church of the Celts, with its Byzantine affiliations, those who know the dangers of organized religion, and see no reason for an outward temple for the true religionist who has consecrated himself to worship "in Spirit and in life," will be less impressed. The author quotes Jacob Burckhardt as referring to the historic Church as "this sacred petrifaction," but does not seem to realize that all attempts to organize the things of the Spirit must inevitably induce petrifaction. And although he rebukes the non-catholicity of Catholic Churchianity in the words: "The creed of Divine Spirit is more Catholic than Christianity has ever been," his own definition of Spirit is based unequivocally upon the Christian definition of that term without examining it in the light of the definitions found in the older Eastern faiths. This leads to faulty philosophical reasoning, resulting in erroneous conclusions which will decrease the value of an otherwise extremely interesting book, for readers familiar with the more exact and truly catholic *Philosophia Perennis.*

ESME WYNNE-TYSON

The Reluctant Healer. By WILLIAM J. MACMILLAN. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 223 pp. 1952. 13*s.* 6*d.*)

To many people this book will chiefly appeal for the intimate details it provides of the action of supra-normal powers, details which lose nothing in Mr. Macmillan's rather sensational telling, despite his distaste for any forms of psychism. But of even greater interest, perhaps, is his account of the conflict set up in himself by the discovery that he possessed these powers as a healer, a conflict of which the whole book is a record and which remains imperfectly resolved at its end. One would have thought that to become a channel of a magnetic radiance which could heal those regarded by orthodox doctors as incurable and which again and again proved infallible in its working, would have been deeply satisfying. But to Mr. Macmillan his unexpected gift proved far more of a punishment than a joy. To some extent this was due to his conventional family background and his hatred of being in any sense a freak. This fear of the socially or professionally suspect was exacerbated by the existing illegality of free-lance healing. But it persisted even after he was legally licensed to heal.

At a deeper level, however, the conflict was between the conscious and the unconscious in himself. He had never thought of being a healer when, as a young theological student, his remarkable gift first manifested. And, although after a time through a desire to help the afflicted and at the persuasion of friends he accepted his fate, the conscious part of himself was always in varying degrees of rebellion. Above all the fact that he was never in full conscious control of the power that used him, though his voluntary co-operation with it grew with the years, was a continual agony to him. It never failed him or injured a patient, but he was always terrified lest it should. Actually he owed his healing power to his unconscious or intuitive genius, but although he served it as faithfully as he could, he never professed to be altogether spiritually dedicated to its will and it seemed to work equally effectively whatever his condition, previous to treating, might be. But he paid for this by being, outside his consulting room, at the mercy of his moods, like a school-boy released from the class-room. There is in fact much of the schoolboy, still craving an irresponsible freedom, in his disposition, as he engagingly admits. And the candour with which he acknowledges his weaknesses, stupidities or mistakes is endearing. In the latter part of his record, too, which ends with the outbreak of the war, the gulf between the unconscious and the conscious in him begins to close, as the self-knowledge essential to maturity grows out of a series of painful and exhausting crises.

His writing is ingenuously slap-dash and he tends to over-dramatize. But the honesty of his record is never in doubt or his fundamental and impulsive humanity. As a healer he is undoubtedly a pioneer in a kind of treatment which will one day supersede drugs and surgery, and a transmitter of that solar radiance which we must learn, each in our own way, to receive from the unseen world and give.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

Man into Wolf: An Anthropological Interpretation of Sadism, Masochism, and Lycanthropy. By ROBERT EISLER. (Routledge and Kegan Paul, Ltd., London. 286 pp. 1951. 21*s.*)

The late Robert Eisler was a distinguished anthropologist, a Fellow of the Austrian Historical Institute, who worked at the League of Nations from 1925 to 1931, but later endured the privations and brutalities of the Gestapo concentration camps at Dachau and Buchenwald. The book consists of a lecture on sadism, masochism and lycanthropy that Eisler delivered at a meeting of the Royal Society of Medi-

cine in Britain and the elaborate notes and appendices which he prepared in defence of his argument. The lecture, occupying less than a quarter of the book, develops the thesis that, at some time in the evolution of man, a peaceful, frugivorous, non-fighting and not even sexually jealous species became transformed into a predatory, murderous and jealous species under extreme environmental pressure and by imitation of blood-lusting enemies.

Eisler finds in his theory ample support for the wide-spread traditions about the "Fall of Man." The sexual aggressiveness of some groups of primates (*e g.* the baboons studied by S. Zuckerman) is explained (explained away ?) as a "blind alley" in evolution. We are told that the peaceful, non-jealous Trobrianders described by Malinowski, and the gentle and sexually unashamed Tahitians painted by Gauguin, give us a truer idea of our own potentialities.

Various magical practices involving the donning of a wolf's pelt; "were-wolf" organizations that have been revived again and again, even in recent times; sadistic and masochistic rituals —these are found to be reminiscent of the "Fall" and the camouflages to which man resorted then. Some dreams are interpreted along Jungian "archetypal" lines.

Eisler affirms his faith in the possibility of re-transforming men into a peace-loving, non-jealous species, either gradually or suddenly. The entire argument is provocative. If it bristles with difficulties (witness the appeal to Lysenko and Neo-Lamarckism), the conclusion—"We can throw off the fatal wolf's mask"—which is supremely worth while, can perhaps be worked out along other lines too.

It is strange that a man with the omnivorous reading habits of Eisler should not have taken any interest in the possible parapsychological implications of lycanthropic traditions. How otherwise can we account for the absence from the voluminous notes of any reference to Richard Bagot's article "The Hyænas of Pirra," first printed in the *Cornhill Magazine* and condensed in the *Journal of the S.P.R.* for July 1918 ? Do no such sinister narratives have any explanation other than mal-observation made possible by the "lycanthropic complex" of the observers ?

C. T. K. CHARI

The Galloping Centaur : Poems 1933-1951. By FRANCIS BERRY. (Methuen and Co., Ltd., London. x + 198 pp. 1952. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

Mr. Berry has harvested into one volume a selection of poems from several previously published volumes and a score of new poems written during the past five years. The result suggests that he has so fallen into the habit of writing like himself—with some small debt to the explosive rough-hewn rhythms of Hopkins and the imagery of Eliot—that when, if ever, mellowness overtakes him and he finds himself moved to sing of the rapture and ecstasy of being (which after all is what a poet might reasonably be expected to wish to do) he will be hard put to find the right idiom for his song. At the moment, however, he seems to have a sufficient store of anger in his heart to keep any hint of a *Te Deum* at bay for years to come. The poet who in 1936 sang that "love is like white worms gnawing core and kernel" sees today a cliff wall overhanging the sea as "inane and loutish" and apostrophizes London Town in the imagery of sewer and brothel. But under the anger is pity; and the pity redeems a good deal of this snarling, crackling, hissing verse. Moreover, the fact that Mr. Berry has kept it up for 18 years indicates virility. Time, one hopes, will teach him that originality can pall, that there is something to be said for tradition, and that quiet in poetry can speak no less eloquently than fireworks.

J. P. HOGAN

Brain-washing in Red China. By EDWARD HUNTER. (Vanguard Press, Inc., New York; distributed by Thacker and Co., Ltd., Bombay. viii + 311 pp. 1951. Rs. 3/-)

Western Communism, in its Stalinist phase, has purged the educated classes, both old and new, with merciless severity. Chinese Communism, with far fewer of these necessary but dangerously self-opinionated people to deal with, is trying other means to make them useful.

Edward Hunter, an American who knows China well, has collected material on the re-education of adults, the education of the young, and general propaganda. His statements are in accordance with what we know independently.

The treatment of adults uses in an interesting way the technique of the public confession. They "study" under one or more party supervisors, in groups which remain together for months. They are put through long sessions of discussion, on Marxian theory, and on their written personal confessions. Talking for hours to a critical circle, making out the best case they can, persistently corrected for deviations, endlessly repeating the accepted formulæ, they finally reach a state of quasi-conviction which apparently serves as if it were genuine. "Brain-washing," the Communists' own phrase, is appropriate.

They are thus trained to accept Marxism, to reject religion and the whole Chinese tradition, to be ashamed of their parents and to despise family solidarity, to be indifferent to their wives and husbands and to tolerate casual sex liaisons, and to hate America. Spying and denunciation of parents, familiar in the European totalitarian states, have now appeared in patriarchal China.

It has been said that the basic totalitarian belief is that everything is possible. Indeed, given technology, organization and fanaticism, it is hard to set any limit to the destruction men can wreak.

P. SPRATT

The Task of Peace Making. (Visva-Bharati, Calcutta, for the World Pacifist Meeting Committee. 181 pp. 1951. Rs. 5/-)

The reports of the World Pacifist Meeting held at Santiniketan and Sevagram during the winter of 1949 make up this volume. They contribute several constructive suggestions for making peace, both individual and collective, a reality, in the Quaker way as well as in the Gandhian way. The book is a challenge to action, a call to work, in these days of innumerable regional and international conferences, with their plethora (often) of pious resolutions. For the reports of the Meeting record, in most cases, what has actually been tried successfully for years in the field of peace-making, though in small areas. The book is, therefore, a little candle of light in the encircling gloom.

M. G.

The Story of Bapu. By SHAKUNTALA MASANI. (Oxford University Press, Bombay. 92 pp. 1952. Rs. 4/-)

This is the story of Gandhiji, told in an attractive and simple way suitable to children. It has been stripped of the complications of political circumstance and the incidents used to bring its meaning home to children have been selected with understanding. Gandhiji himself was so delightfully simple and direct, so childlike, that his personality and his life are readily accessible to the hearts and minds of the young. It is imperative that they should be presented intelligently to every Indian child. Shakuntala Masani has succeeded to a large extent in doing this and her book is planned to appeal to village children. But how many village children in India read English? It should be available in Indian languages.

LILA RAY

The Forrestal Diaries. Edited by WALTER MILLIS. (Cassell and Co., Ltd., London. 542 pp. 1952. 25s.)

James Forrestal was U. S. Secretary of the Navy from May 1944 to July 1947, then held the newly created office of Defence Secretary until he resigned in March 1949, dying soon afterwards under tragic circumstances.

About the middle of 1944, Forrestal began to maintain a "Diary" which by his death contained nearly 3,000 typewritten pages. The editor has performed his very difficult task of selection and supplementing background information with admirable care and discrimination, making of a contemporary record, prepared under the pressure of strenuous work, a coherent book of absorbing interest.

Forrestal's diary contains a vivid account of the inner history of the cold war as seen through the eyes of an American statesman whose job it was to guard the country's security by appropriate measures. Mr. Churchill, in March 1946, he writes, "agreed with my analysis that we are dealing not only with Russia as a national entity but with the expanding power of Russia under Peter the Great plus the additional missionary force of a religion." Prudence would no doubt require adequate military preparedness to meet aggression. But, taking the long view, the ideological battle with Communism can be won by Democracy only if the living conditions of the common folk are improved in the under-developed democratic countries.

To the student of international affairs this book is invaluable. We are here afforded glimpses of how the political stalwarts of our time reacted to the dynamic problems of the day, and why; and of the stresses and strains to which the world was subject in a crucial period of its history. It is valuable also for the intimate pictures it gives of the operation of the American administrative machine and more especially of the Presidential Cabinet.

I have entertained the view over many years that the Presidential Executive system in the United States does not make for Governmental efficiency during ordinary times, as Congress not infrequently takes delight in blocking the Presidential legislative and budget measures submitted for its approval. Forrestal voices the feeling that the responsible type of cabinet government operative in Canada has distinct advantages over the Presidential Cabinet system in vogue in the United States.

I would strongly recommend this book to the notice of all who are interested in international affairs or in American political institutions. It is a most informative and readable book which will repay careful study.

M. RAMASWAMY

Rāṣṭra-Vāṇī. By Shri RAMANATHA PATHAKA, "Praṇayī." (Sahitya Mandal, Arrah, Bihar. 83 pp. 1952. Re. 1/8)

There is a refreshing freshness of outlook in this collection of 75 Sanskrit poems. Instead of singing of the usual well-worn topics such as love in separation and the joys of reunion, "Praṇayī" gives expression to his patriotic feelings. He pays homage to his motherland and to the heroes who have served in the cause of her liberation; he is grieved and indignant at the sufferings of the masses and the pleasures of the privileged few. He urges the young to serve the nation and to shake off their sloth and complacency. The poems are mostly made up of three stanzas in modern metres and can be set to music. This collection supplies a proof, if proof were needed, that Sanskrit is capable of expressing modern thoughts and sentiments, and hence this book merits a wide circulation. Proof-correction should receive much closer attention in the next edition.

N. A. GORE

Sanskrit Comic Characters. By J. T. PARIKH. (The Popular Book Store, Surat. 72 pp. 1952. Rs. 2/-)

Laughter is the sauce of life and also of literature, which is a reflection of life. Much has been said and written about the meaning of the comic in literature from different points of view. In Sanskrit drama the figure of the *Vidūṣaka* is an embodiment of the comic; and though this figure became standardized in later Sanskrit dramas it could not be entirely dispensed with by any dramatist; its presence in some form or other was necessary in order to add an element of vitality.

In this book Professor Parikh gives us "a small series of articles essaying a critical and dramatic appreciation of the *Vidūṣakas* in Sanskrit drama, suggested by *The English Comic Characters* of Mr. J. B. Priestley, the well known English novelist." Professor Parikh points out that

> of about a dozen *Vidusakas* that cover the entire field of the Sanskrit drama, not one is like another, though all of them are of the same cast and mould and made of the same stuff, just as you and I stand apart though shaped from essentially the same matter.

Though a stock type, the *Vidūṣaka* was given a different individuality by the genius of each dramatist. In accordance with this theory, Professor Parikh has given us a nice analysis of the *Vidūṣakas* in the works of Aśvaghoṣa, Bhāsa, Kālidāsa, Harṣa, Rājaśekhara and others.

A perusal of this book will refresh even the most morbid reader. We await with eagerness Professor Parikh's study of the comic in the other Sanskrit works to which he makes reference in his Preface. For a correct appreciation of Sanskrit dramas, critical studies of the present type are necessary. We therefore congratulate the author heartily upon this production, which we are sure will be followed by his critical studies bearing on other aspects of Sanskrit drama.

P. K. GODE

Essays in East-West Philosophy; An Attempt at a World Philosophical Synthesis. Edited with an Introduction by CHARLES A. MOORE. (University of Hawaii Press, Honolulu, Hawaii. 467 pp. 1951. $5.00)

The East-West Philosophers' Conference held in Hawaii in 1949 was a meeting of minds seeking a philosophical synthesis, "a world-perspective" in philosophy though not a "world-philosophy." Prof. Charles A. Moore must be congratulated upon organizing it. The book under review is an outcome of that meeting.

The efforts made there to state the "differences" and points of "general agreement" between Eastern and Western philosophy are reported in this volume, *e g.* :—

> The West believes that the world can be changed by saving it through time; the East that it is hopeless and cannot be saved.
>
> For the East the intuitive "higher" knowledge is not capable of verbal expression and communication, at least to those who have not attained it.

I cannot agree with these statements, but have no space to give my reasons. There is a clear logical distinction between "communication" and "verbal expression." If a truth or a doctrine could not be "verbally expressed" it *could* be "communicated"; by tradition, by personal example, by master and pupil living together—and by silence. "Verbal expression" is only one form of "communication." The Upaniṣadic truth, *śāntō yam ātmā*, was "communicated" but not "verbally expressed."

The distinction which I make is not arbitrary, nor unknown to modern logic. Wittgenstein, *e.g.*, draws the logical distinction between what can be "shown" but not "said."

> Nothing is concluded; but the tendency of the dialectical process, here as always, is to enlarge the conception of ideas, and to widen their application to human life. What is said by Jowett of Plato's Dialogues is true of such conferences.

N. A. NIKAM

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF CULTURE

[We publish here, in somewhat condensed form, the enthusiastically received lecture on *Haridasa Sahitya*, the literature produced by the many poet-saints of the Kannada country, which **Shri B. T. Acharya** gave at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, on August 21st, 1952. Space permits the rendering here, in the lecturer's English translation, of only a few of the Kannada songs of the *Haridasas* which the lecturer sang with devotional fervour, playing the accompaniment on an Indian *tamboura*.—ED.]

HARIDASA SAHITYA

THE KARNATAK MYSTICS AND THEIR SONGS

The literature of a country is an index to the standard of culture which it has attained. The higher and nobler the ideas of life contained in its literature the greater is the evidence of the refinement and culture of the race. Not only is literature a measure of the height of culture attained, but it is also the storehouse of the experiences of the race through the ages and the resulting ideals which have in turn moulded its character. Sometimes it may happen that, on account of the impingement or superimposition of a foreign culture on a race, due to political or other conditions, the latter's own intrinsic culture may suffer eclipse by the more aggressive foreign one, and a hybrid culture may result from the fusion of the two, as has happened in our land during the last four or five centuries. Prior to this, Indian culture was so virile and elevated that tribes and races which poured in adopted the pure culture of this land and themselves merged into our nation.

Fortunately for us, however, our literature, though no doubt considerably neglected, has survived in a great part of its glory. Now that India has won her political freedom, it is time that our leaders tried to restore Indian culture to its pristine glory by resurrecting all those high ideals which we have been forgetting or relegating to the background, ideals which consecrated our everyday actions and gave them a spiritual, immortal value.

Fortunately for us, the ideological content of most of our ancient literature and our concept of culture appear to have been formulated for the benefit of the whole human race and possibly for all time. Perhaps no other country has ever possessed so vast and so noble a literature as our Sanskrit heritage. We can well be proud of this great granary of knowledge and culture contained in our literature from the ancient Vedas and Upanishads, through the prehistoric Epics—the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*—the Puranas and the Shastras, down to the great works of eminent poets and scholars of fairly recent historical periods.

This literature, being all in Sanskrit, would have been a closed book to the generality of mankind, had it not been for the wonderful labours of love of our scholars, who have translated, rewritten or adapted and interpreted much of it into, and by means of, the regional languages of the country. Very soon, however, even this regional-language literature grew to enormous proportions and attained as high a classical standard as the Sanskrit originals themselves, with the result that the common man was no nearer this vast knowledge and its cultural influence than before. In the Karnatak it was the *Haridasas*, or the "Slaves of God" as they called themselves, mystics and poet-saints, who rendered the immortal service of bringing the contents of these classics within the reach of the masses.

A very fine and high culture could not exist or thrive in the midst of a race of whom the majority lived in soul-killing ignorance. So the custom came into vogue of scholarly bards'

making use of festive occasions to give out to the masses essential principles of philosophy, metaphysics and ethics in the form of public talks, story-telling and the like, in easily understandable form and through the medium of the mother tongue, all made attractive with a judicious admixture of simple music and spoken prose.

These bards travelled from town to town and village to village, carrying the torch of knowledge to the masses. In their expositions, discourses and compositions, they not only enriched the literature of the Karnatak by the valuable content of their compositions; they also raised the dignity of the colloquial language by using it as a vehicle for high thoughts and noble teachings. As this institution of *Haridasas* grew in the course of centuries, the contribution of these bards to Karnatak literature grew to vast proportions and became a veritable treasure of songs, composed and sung and bequeathed to succeeding generations.

These *Haridasas* were men of high intellectual and moral stature and were imbued with a passionate spirit of service. Their faith in God was mystical and intense. The voluntary vow of poverty adopted and lived up to by these bards and their spiritual and saintly life earned for them unstinted regard and reverence from the public and their visits were eagerly looked forward to.

Their *modus operandi* was, collecting the people in the evenings in front of a temple, to select a few texts from the Shastras to propound and discourse upon, simplifying them with profuse illustrations from the lives of eminent spiritual souls, of great devotees and of heroes and Kings. From the Puranas they taught them of the Father of all, the great, merciful God, His *leelas* and manifestations, and dilated upon the methods of securing His infinite grace by a life of devotion and faith.

To these poet-saints the *Bhagawad Gita*—as the essence of all the Vedas and the Upanishads—was the pure and abstract science and the *Bhagawata Purana*, the applied one. Having imbibed the teachings of the Vedanta and the knowledge of the paths of spiritual pursuits, the *Haridasas* were successful in imparting to the common man the gist of all spiritual knowledge. They brought home to the people the fact that the path of Faith and Devotion is the easiest and surest approach to God, as had often been borne out by their own mystic experience and realization.

This school of *Bhakti* philosophy can be traced through the ages, from the divine Sage Narada himself, through the Epic and Puranic Periods, down to our own historic times. It is a matter of common knowledge that no country has compared with this land of ours in the number and quality of such sainted souls. Mirabai, Kabir, Surdas and Tulsidas of Northern India, Chaitanya of Bengal, Valiram of Sind, Narsi Bhagat of Gujarat, Tukaram and Namdev of Maharashtra, Potana and Thyagaraja of Andhra, Purandaradasa and Kanakadasa of Karnatak and the Alwars of Tamilnad are only a few of the prominent representatives of this brilliant galaxy of poet-saints. Nor can we forget the exalted souls among the *Shivabhaktas*—as distinguished from the *Haribhaktas* that we have been referring to above—like Basava and Akka Mahadevi of Karnatak and the great-souled *Harijan* saint, Nandanar of Chidambaram fame, who are all, *Haridasas* and *Shivasharanas* alike, God-intoxicated "Slaves of God."

In our own Karnatak country, the institution is said to date back to the 9th century, to one Achalanandadasa, whose songs have lived to this day. Later we find that the mission has been propagated by the successors and followers of Shri Madhavacharya, the founder of the dualistic school of philosophy. Narahari Tirtha, Shripadaraja and Vyasarayaru have all left us a rich legacy of devotional songs. But it is not till we come to Shri Purandaradasa, born in 1484, that we find the institution of *Haridasas* as we know

it. Up till this time mass spiritual activities had been confined to chanting and recounting from the Puranas by learned scholars called *Puraniks*, and to *Bhajan*-singing, either individual or community singing about some metaphysical subject or the attributes of the Almighty. It was left to Purandaradasa to combine the two in a most delightful and popular method of worship-*cum*-teaching, which went by the name of *Harikatha* or *Harikirthana*.

Born as the only son of a rich family, he himself became very early a multi-millionaire (*navakoti narayana*) and was blessed with everything that went to make earthly happiness complete. In his thirties, however, he was one day smitten with revulsion from a miserly act of his and suddenly decided to give away all his enormous wealth in charity. He assumed the rôle of a mendicant and went forth into the world in search of God-realization. Providence directed him to the saintly apostle of Shri Madhavacharya, Shri Vyasaraya, who was then the Rajaguru of Krishnadevaraya, the Emperor of Vijayanagar. In a phenomenally short time Purandaradasa mastered all the Vedas and the Shastras. Blessed as he was with a divine voice and rich musical talent, he soon became a master of the science of music too and plunged into the art of *Harikatha*. Impressed by Purandaradasa's innovation in the method of teaching—that of story-telling to a musical accompaniment—his Guru sent him forth into the world to teach the path of devotion, *Bhakti-marga*, through the medium of *Harikathas*.

In this mission he was ably assisted by Shri Kanakadasa, whose story is equally romantic. Born of Kuruba or shepherd-caste parents and heir to a small principality, he was blessed with a naturally devout temperament and spent a great deal of his time in worship, *bhajans* and similar services at the temple of Adikeshava of Kaginele, his household Deity. Destiny, however, intervened, deprived him of his beloved mother, wife and children, and finally drove him from his little kingdom, when the Muslims sacked his town. Deep frustration led him to a spirit of utter renunciation, in which he wandered about the land and, as fortune would have it, he too came under the influence of the same Guru, Shri Vyasaraya, and became a companion of Purandaradasa.

It speaks volumes for the faith and devotion of Kanaka that though he was, as a *Shudra*, debarred from the study of the Vedas and the Shastras, he soon mastered all the contents of the Epics and the Puranas and attained such a knowledge of Vedanta as few have gained. In his spiritual life he was an intense mystic and revelled in the contemplation of God. Accepted as an honoured disciple of Shri Vyasaraya, he too was entrusted with the work of propagating the Vaishnava cult. He became a collaborator of Purandaradasa and together they rendered yeoman's service in spiritual teaching for nearly 40 years. Purandaradasa belonging to the classes and Kanakadasa to the masses, but both born poets and singers, they flooded the Kannada world with a wealth of poetry and melody, all spontaneous compositions which have become household words among all classes of Kannadigas. Purandaradasa has in addition the reputation of having established the Karnatak system of music on a scientific basis which has stood the test of time and which is so perfect that the scheme drawn up by him is followed to this day by all South Indian schools of music. He has been styled the *Karnataka Sangeeta Pitamaha*.

Though the *Haridasas* mostly belong to the Kannada-speaking Madhava sect, representatives of other sects are not wanting. Of these, Vaikunthadasa of Belur—a Ramanujia by caste—is outstanding. He was a contemporary of Purandaradasa and Kanakadasa.

After these for a long time there were no remarkable *Dasas*, but such of those as carried on the mission were content to popularize the enormous legacy of literature left by these giants.

About 200 years ago, however, there was again a succession of three brilliant exponents of the school, *viz.*, Vijayadasa, Gopaladasa and Jagannathadasa, each of whom has left us a vast heritage of devotional and philosophical songs.

By this time the new system of *Harikathas* or *Kirthanas* had spread far and wide, both in Maharashtra on one side and in the Andhra and Tamilnad on the other, where they have grown from strength to strength. Today in Karnatak we have had no outstanding exponents since the late Sosale Ramadasa. It is about time an earnest effort was made to recover the benefit of such a selfless organization as the *Haridasas* to help us in our efforts for the resurrection of our culture by weeding out the pretenders among them and bestowing public recognition and appreciation on such as are imbued with a spirit of selfless work and sacred missionary zeal.

Let us now examine some of the well-known songs of the *Haridasas*. Each of these has its own noble thought or concept of philosophy or a moral lesson to teach. It is needless to say that it is not easy to convey the purity of spirit or the beauty of composition of these songs in a strange language like English, and that too in verse. Nevertheless a humble attempt has been made in the following translations to give those who do not know Kannada some idea of the content of these songs, rendered in a kind of verse and prefaced by the translator's prayer. An important fact to remember is that these saintly bards have sung, not to diverse deities as is commonly imagined, but to the One and only God, though they have visualized Him in one or another of His manifestations and called Him accordingly by one or another of His thousand and more names.

THE TRANSLATOR'S PRAYER

Give me the eyes to see and the mind to know
This Gem of men, the Wielder of the Bow,
Whom all the gods in reverent terms acclaim
Their Father great and chant His holy Name,
Shri Rama, Light of Sita's lotus eyes,
Whose grace is e'er the Bhakta's greatest prize.
O Mighty Lord, if in my shallow mind
Thy radiant form and face I fail to find,
Be kind to me and grant me grace to sing
Thy blessed Name, Shri Rama, Oh my King.

HOW COULD I A VAGRANT BE ?

(Naneke paradesi)

Could I a destitute or vagrant be
So long as Thou art there, my Lord of Shree ?

Thou art my parents, those that give me birth,
My friends and all my kith and kin on earth ;
Thou art the matchless gems my chests contain,
My proudest ornaments, O Gopi's Swain ;
Then how could I a vagrant be
When I have Thee, O Lord of Shree ?

Thou art my brother, Thou that feedest me,
The clothes and shawls I don I owe to Thee ;
'Tis Thou dost feed my children and my wife,
And day and night protect me all my life ,
Then how could I a vagrant be
When Thou, O King, protectest me ?

Thou art the Teacher, who wisdom dost bestow,
Thou art our prop to whom our all we owe,
Purandar Vithal, O my Darling sweet
I have found refuge at Thy Lotus Feet;
No fear have I when I have Thee
To watch, protect and cherish me !

PURANDARADASA

DOUBT NOT, THERE'S ONE THAT WATCHES THEE

(Tallanisadiru kandya)

O mind, pray torture not thyself, but be
Assured there's One who always watches thee.

Behold the tree upon the mountain's brow !
Who nursed and watered it, and watched it grow ?

If He, Who brought it forth, assumes the role
Of Watcher, why these doubts, O timid soul?

These beasts and birds that in our woodlands play!
Who finds them sustenance from day to day?
Dost know there's One that answers to their call
And mothers them like one who bore them all?

Those croaking frogs that had their birth midst reeds
And rocks! Who caters to their daily needs?
It is our Keshav, King of Kings, I swear,
Protects us all with unremitting care!

KANAKADASA

IT IS ALL IN VAIN!

(Bevu belladelidalenu phala)

Will neem leaves steeped in sugar sweet
E'er lose their bitter tang?
Will feeding snakes on milk remove
The venom from their fang?

What if the son that doth not love
His mother or his sire,
Goes round to all the sacred shrines
With a pilgrim's faith afire?

What if the heartless fiend, who finds
Delight in cruel deeds,
Doth at the altar take his seat
And the holy *Gita* reads?

Of what avail one tells his beads
Devoutly day and night,
While all the time in cheating others
He finds his heart's delight?

What profits one whose heart is full
Of blind and jealous rage,
If he doth fast the livelong day
Like a saint or pious sage?

When one is full of evil traits,
Whose thoughts are always low,
Of what avail that he doth bathe
In Ganga's sacred flow?

And if at heart he hath no love
For Vithal, Laxmi's spouse,
What if from speech he doth refrain
And keeps such other vows?

PURANDARADASA

WHAT IS CASTE?

(Kula kulavennutiharu)

High caste, low class and ancient stock,
Whatever do these mean?
Should they with whom Truth only counts
On castes and classes lean?

The lotus comes from slush, and yet
We deck the Lord with it!
To drink the milk that cow's flesh yields
The Twice-born find it fit!

The musk, which also comes from beasts,
Don't Brahmins use it too?
Narayan and the Three-eyed God,
From what castes hail these two?

To what caste does the soul belong?
Or the intellect or life?
If the Soul of souls is pleased with one
Is caste a cause for strife?

KANAKADASA

OH! LET ME BE A KEEPER AT THY GATE!

(Idanadaru kodadiddare)

Of what avail these pæans of praise
Of Thy Lotus Feet I chant,
When even this my humble plea
Thou dost not choose to grant?

I never pestered Thee for gifts
Of food or raiment brave;
While all I craved was but to be
Thy servant's servant's slave!

Ne'er once I pled my poverty
Nor asked for gems of Thee;
To let me always bow before
Thy Feet was all my plea.

O Ranga Vithal, Lord, I sought
No pomp of kingly state;
I asked but this, to let me be
A keeper at Thy gate.

SHRIPADARAJASWAMI

WHOSE IS THE FAULT, MY KING?

(Nanninda nane janisi)

I took not birth myself, did I?
No hand in it had I!
Since Thou didst will that I should be,
Thou knowest the reason why!

This being so, I do but act
As Thou dost prod my wit;
And if I err and sometimes slip,
Whose fault, my Lord, is it?

Behold, perchance, a mother fails
To watch her babe a bit
And the infant crawls to the open well,
Leans o'er the gaping pit;

If then she fails to snatch the child
Before she gets a fit,
Dost blame the child or mother, Lord?
Tell me, whose fault is it?

My wife, my children and my home
Are all, O Father, Thine,
Their burden, care and all their plaints
Are Thine, forsooth, not mine.

Float me in milk, as Thou dost wish,
Or float me in the brine;
How am I due for toll to Thee
When all my goods are Thine?

If right or wrong, the blame is Thine,
If wrong, how question Thee?
O Cupid's Father, Kanaka's King,
Thy grace extend to me.

KANAKADASA

ART THOU REALLY COMPASSIONATE?

(Karunakara neenennuvadeko)

Why art Thou called Compassion's mighty Sea?
I have my doubts the name well suiteth Thee!
They say Thou dost come down from age to age
In mortal shape, and human griefs assuage.

The Tusker, Bali, Dhruv and Draupadi,
Ahalya too, they say, were saved by Thee,
But if we think about them, do we find
That these are tales of Grandma's feeble mind?

If now compassionate Thou truly art
Stretch forth Thy hand and draw me to Thy heart,
O soft eyed Lord, if friend Thou art, prithee,
Why dost Thou let these sorrows cling to me?

Ajamila from death's door Thou didst drag,
Since when the world has called Thee "Eagle Flag"!
If all these flattering titles are but true
Make haste, O Vithal, come and save me too!

PURANDARADASA

YASHODA AND HER CHILD

(Jagadodharana adisidalyashoda)

How Dame Yashoda played with Him,
Whom in her mind she thought
To be her own, her darling child,
Her very own wee tot!

What wondrous games she played with Him,
This Child of boundless might,
The Lord of all the worlds, Who soars
Beyond the Vedas' sight!

She little knew how far beyond
Our mental grasp He was,
This nucleus of the atom's heart,
And the boundless cosmic mass!

This God of Gods, this Vithal Lord,
This glorious, wondrous One,
Yashoda played with Him and thought
That He was but her son!

PURANDARADASA

WAVE THE LAMPS AND SING THE ANTHEM

(Arati yettiri Shri Harige)

Come, sing the anthem, wave the lamps
To our blessed Shri Hari,
The glorious King of the Milky Sea,
And the Lord of the Goddess Shree.

Wave lamps to the Fish that ploughed the seas,
To the Turtle armour clad,
To the Boar who rescued Mother Earth
And the Lion who saved the lad;

To the Dwarf who trod the earth and sky,
To the Brahmin Sage gone wild,
To the greatest Bowman earth has seen,
To Gopi's wondrous Child.

To Buddha of the tender heart,
To the future Horseman King,
To the blissful Lord of the Sacred Hill,[1]
Come, wave the lights and sing!

TIMMAPPADASA

B. T. ACHARYA

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[1] The Tirumalai Hills. Each line, from 5 to 14, refers to one of the 10 incarnations of Vishnu, the God of Gods, and line 15 refers to the same popular Deity, Lord Srinivasa of Tirupati.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

" _____ *ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

Dr. L. R. Phillips, Representative of the British Council in India, lecturing on "The Springs of Conduct," at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, on November 21st, made a penetrating analysis of the hereditary and environmental factors influencing the formative years and leaving their impress for the future.

Intelligence, temperament and physique were the chief hereditary factors. A child with a high intelligence quotient was likely to retain his lead. Intelligence and adaptability went together. Juvenile delinquents were generally subnormal and unadjusted to their circumstances. It was possible, by supplying environmental deficiencies, to bring many such individuals into harmonious relations with society, but for many others the strain of adjustment to environment was too great and they succumbed to insanity of one or another type. We all had to make some compensation adjustments; megalomania was an attempt at compensation which had got out of hand; dementia was a withdrawal from the world of conflict.

Dr. Phillips used Bernard Shaw's case by way of illustration. Shaw's brilliant intellect had survived early environmental difficulties unimpaired but he had overcompensated for running away from the conventional Ireland of his youth by exhibitionism and saying things to outrage public opinion.

In response to a question raised by the Chairman, Sir Samuel Runganadhan, former High Commissioner of India at London, Dr. Phillips agreed that it would be a very great pity, when so many countries were doing all they could to acquire English, if India let her knowledge of it slip away. The British Council was arranging to bring out English instructors who would go on tour, visiting colleges and high schools in the interest of maintaining the standard of English in India.

Dr. Julian Huxley brought out some interesting points in his Presidential Address on "Evolutionary Humanism" at the First International Congress on Humanism and Ethical Culture held in Amsterdam last August. In that address, published in *The Plain View* for November, the great scientist saw the world as "undoubtedly in need of a new religion." He based this view on the heightened concern for religion in our day to which a number of factors had contributed, including the dominance of evolutionary scientific thinking; the great and general disillusionment on the one hand and the new hope of the under-privileged for a better and fuller life on the other; and the vast increase of knowledge, revealing "the apparently endless recurrence of the rise and fall of peoples and nations," engendering questioning of progress; and confronting modern man with "a relativity of working codes of morality that would have bewildered our ancestors."

Dr. Huxley meant, by the religion needed, one which should appeal potentially to all mankind :—

> an organized system of ideas and emotions which relate man to his destiny, beyond and above the practical affairs of every day, transcending the present and the existing systems of law and social structure.

He includes in the destiny of man, "the highest type known to evolutionary biology," his being the agent of further evolutionary progress, his transcending "the separateness of his ego in some form of unitive experi-

ence" and perhaps his tapping of latent psychic forces and even attaining "satisfying kinds of mystical experience" without detriment to personality or professing a theistic religion.

This is a long way for a highly respected scientist to go but at the risk of seeming unappreciative of his candour and his courage we must point out a few of the defects in his formulation: his by-passing of the common substratum of truth in the world's religions; his apparent assumption of a single life for man and his proposal that the new religion shall be based, on its intellectual and rational sides, upon scientific knowledge, admittedly incomplete. In view of the revolution in scientific thinking within the memory of living men this seems indeed like building upon shifting sand.

Prof. Daniel H. H. Ingalls, Head of the Harvard University Department of Sanskrit, lectured at the Indian Institute of Culture, Bangalore, on November 27th on "Bhaskara the Vedantist," under the chairmanship of Shri M. P. L. Sastry.

Coming after Shankara, Bhaskara had written much about him in his Commentaries, of which only his *Brahmasutras*, in a poor edition, survived, besides seven chapters of his *Gita* Commentary. While he agreed with Shankara on many fundamental points, *e.g.*, the cosmogonical process, he differed on others, denying, for example, the possibility of attaining Moksha or salvation during life.

Shankara, Professor Ingalls said, was the brilliant mystic getting at truth by direct perception; Bhaskara represented the scholarly type, seeing the process of gaining final knowledge as a slow ascent; he asked for scriptural authority before acceptance of a view; for Shankara, on the contrary, enlightenment was the sudden flight, the lightning flash.

Nevertheless, the lecturer said, despite their differences of approach, he would place Bhaskara nearer to Shankara than other great Vedantins like Ramanuja and Madhwa. Among Western thinkers, perhaps Spinoza would best represent Bhaskara while Bradley would come closer to Shankara.

The first two quarterly issues, for July and October, of the illustrated and modestly priced *Indo-Asian Culture* published quarterly from New Delhi by the Indian Council for Cultural Relations, would do credit to a far richer country. India's official sponsoring of these beautifully got-up volumes recalls the Chinese proverb: "If you have two loaves, sell one and buy a lily." India has "bought a lily" at what must be a considerable sacrifice, and the world's cultural atmosphere is in so far the sweeter.

The name was a happy inspiration, as was also the choice of the symbol from a famous painting, the sapling of the Bodhi tree carried by the Princess Sanghamitra, a Buddhist nun, to Ceylon in Asoka's reign. For ancient Indian culture spread beyond the shores of the subcontinent and had its flowering in many Asian lands. Dr. Rajendra Prasad, President of the Indian Union, writes in his message for the opening issue of the "single ethical and cultural community" between the people of India and the lands of South-East Asia, to which art, literature and archæology all bear witness.

The contents show this catholicity. The first issue had, among others, scholarly articles on "India and Ceylon" and "Dvipantara Bharata or India of the Islands"; the second, articles on "The Sinhalese Dances and the Indian Natya" and "Co-operative Efforts of India, Burma and Ceylon in the Scientific Study of Buddhism."

The composite nature of India's own culture is recognized in articles on "Places of Buddhist Pilgrimage," "The Literary Activities of the Jainas" and "The Muslim Way to Peace."